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THE STANDARD.

REPRESSING SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GOVERNOR ANDREW AND GENERAL BUTLER.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
COUNCIL CHAMBER, BOSTON, April 25, 1861.

GENERAL: I have received through Major Ames a dispatch transmitted from Perryville, detailing the proceedings at Annapolis from the time of your arrival off that port until the hour when Major Ames left you to return to Philadelphia. I wish to repeat the assurance of my entire satisfaction with the action you have taken, with a single exception. If I rightly understood the telegraphic dispatch, I think that your action in tendering to Governor Hicks the assistance of our Massachusetts troops to suppress a threatened servile insurrection among the hostile people of Maryland was unnecessary. I hope that the fuller dispatches, which are on their way from you, may show reasons why I should modify my opinion concerning that particular instance; but in general I think that the matter of servile insurrection, among a community in arms against the Federal Union, is no longer to be regarded by our troops in a political, but solely in a military point of view, and is to be contemplated as one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy, from the disastrous operations of which we are under no obligation of a military character to guard them, in order that they may be enabled to improve the security which our arms would afford, so as to prosecute with more energy their traitorous attacks upon the Federal government and Capital. The mode in which such outbreaks are to be considered should depend entirely upon the loyalty or disloyalty of the community in which they occur; and in the vicinity of Annapolis, I can, on this occasion, perceive no reason of military policy why a force summoned to the defence of the Federal government, at this moment of all others, should be offered to be diverted from its immediate duty, to help rebels, who stand with arms in their hands, obstructing its progress towards the city of Washington. I entertain no doubt that whenever we shall have an opportunity to interchange our views personally on this subject we shall arrive at entire concordance of opinion.

Yours faithfully, (Signed,) JOHN A. ANDREW.

To Brigadier-General BUTLER.

DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS,
HEADQUARTERS, ANNAPOLIS, May 9, 1861.

To His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

SIR: I have delayed replying to your Excellency's dispatch of the 25th April, in my other dispatches, because, as it involved only disapprobation of an act done, couched in the kindest language, I supposed the interest of the country could not suffer in the delay; and incessant labor up to the present moment has prevented me from giving full consideration to the topic. Temporary illness, which forbids bodily activity, gives me now a moment's pause.

The telegraph, with more than usual accuracy, had rightly informed your Excellency that I had offered the services of the Massachusetts troops under my command to aid the authorities of Maryland in suppressing a threatened slave insurrection. Fortunately for us all, the rumor of such an outbreak was without substantial foundation. Assuming, as your Excellency does in your dispatch, that I was carrying on military operations in an enemy's country, when a war *à l'entrance* was to be waged, my act might be a matter of discussion. And in that view, acting in the light of the Baltimore murders, and the apparent hostile position of Maryland, your Excellency might, without mature reflection, have come to the conclusion of disapprobation expressed in your dispatch. But the facts, especially as now aided by their results, will entirely justify my act, and reinstate me in your Excellency's good opinion.

True, I landed on the soil of Maryland against the formal protest of its Governor and of the corporate authorities of Annapolis, but without any armed opposition on their part, and expecting opposition only from insurgents assembled in riotous contempt of the laws of this State. Before, by letter, and at the time of landing, by personal interview, I had informed Governor Hicks that soldiers of the Union, under my command, were armed only against the insurgents and disturbers of the peace of Maryland and of the United States. I received from Governor Hicks assurances of the loyalty of the State to the Union — assurances which subsequent events have fully justified. The Mayor of Annapolis also informed me that the city authorities would in no wise oppose me, but that I was in great danger from the excited and riotous mobs of Baltimore pouring down upon me, and in numbers beyond the control of the police. I assured both the Governor and the Mayor that I had no fear of a Baltimore or other mob, and that, supported by the authorities of the State and City, I should repress all hostile demonstrations against the laws of Maryland and the United States, and that I would protect both myself and the City of Annapolis from any disorderly persons whatsoever. On the morning following my landing I was informed that the city of Annapolis and environs were in danger from an insurrection of the slave population, in defiance of the laws of the State. What was I to do? I had promised to put down a white mob and to preserve and enforce the laws against that. Ought I to allow a black one any preference in a breach of the laws? I understood that I was armed against all infractions of the laws, whether by white or black, and upon that understanding I acted, certainly with promptness and efficiency. And your Excellency's shadow of disapprobation, arising from a misunderstanding of the facts, has caused all the regret I have for that action. The question seemed to me to be neither military or political, and was not to be so treated. It was simply a question of good faith and honesty of purpose. The benign effect of my course was instantly seen. The good but timid people of Annapolis, who had fled from their houses at our approach, immediately returned; business resumed its accustomed channels; quiet and order prevailed in the city; confidence took the place of distrust, friendship of enmity, brotherly kindness of sectional hate, and I believe to-day there is no city in the Union more loyal than the city of Annapolis. I think, therefore, I may safely point to the results for my justification. The vote of the neighboring County of Washington, a few days since, for its delegate to the Legislature, wherein 4,000 out of 5,000 votes were thrown for a delegate favorable to the Union, is among the many happy fruits of firmness of purpose, efficiency of action, and integrity of mission. I believe, indeed, that it will not require a personal interchange of views, as suggested in your dispatch, to bring our minds in accordance; a simple statement of the facts will suffice.

But I am to act hereafter, it may be, in an enemy's country, among a servile population, when the question may arise, as it has not yet arisen, as well in a moral and Christian, as in a political and military point of view, What shall I do? Will your Excellency bear with me a moment while this question is discussed?

I appreciate fully your Excellency's suggestion as to the inherent weakness of the rebels, arising from the preponderance of their servile population. The question, then, is, in what manner shall we take advantage of that weakness? By allowing, and, of course, arming, that population to rise upon the defenceless women and children of the country, carrying rapine, arson and murder—all the horrors of San Domingo, a million times magnified, among those whom we hope to reunite with us as brethren, many of whom are already so, and all who are worth preserving will be, when this horrible madness shall have passed away or be threshed out of them? Would your Excellency advise the troops under my command to make war in person upon the defenceless women and children of any part of the Union, accompanied with brutalities too horrible to be named? You will say, "God forbid!" If we may not do so in person, shall we arm others so to do, over whom we can have no restraint, exercise no control, and who, when once they have tasted blood, may turn the very arms we put in their hands against ourselves, as a part of the oppressing white race? The reading of history, so familiar to your Excellency, will tell you the bitterest cause of complaint which our fathers had against Great Britain, in the war of the Revolution, was the arming by the British Ministry of the red man of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife against the women and children of the colonies, so that the phrase, "May we not use all the means which God and nature have put in our power to subjugate the colonies?" has passed into a legend of infamy against the leader of that Ministry who used it in Parliament. Shall history teach us in vain? Could we justify ourselves to ourselves? Although with arms in our hands amid the savage wildness of camp and field, we may have blunted many of the finer moral sensibilities in letting loose four millions of worse than savages upon the homes and hearths of the South, can we be justified to the Christian community of Massachusetts? Would such a course be consonant with the teachings of our holy religion? I have a very decided opinion upon the subject, and if any one desires, as I know your Excellency does not, this unhappy contest to be prosecuted in that manner, some instrument other than myself must be found to carry it on. I may not discuss the political bearings of this topic. When I went from under the shadow of my roof-tree, I left all politics behind me, to be resumed only when every part of the Union is loyal to the flag, and the potency of the government through the ballot-box is established.

Passing the moral and Christian view, let us examine the subject as a military question. Is not that State already subjugated which requires the bayonets of those armed in opposition to its rulers to preserve it from the horrors of a servile war? As the least experienced of military men, I would have no doubt of the entire subjugation of a State brought to that condition. When, therefore — unless I am better advised—any community in the United States, who have met me in honorable warfare, or even in the prosecution of a rebellious war in an honorable manner, shall call upon me for protection against the nameless horrors of a servile insurrection, they shall have it, and from the moment that call is obeyed, I have no doubt we shall be friends and not enemies.

The possibilities that dishonorable means of defence are to be taken by the rebels against the government, I do not now contemplate. If, as has been done in a single instance, my men are to be attacked by poison, or, as in another, stricken down by the assassin's knife, and thus murdered, the community using such weapons may be required to be taught that it holds within its own border a more potent means for deadly purposes and indiscriminate slaughter than any which it can administer to us.

Trusting that these views may meet your Excellency's approval, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, BENJ. F. BUTLER.

MR. GARRISON'S COMMENTS.

From The Liberator.

The letter of Gov. Andrew is creditable to him, in the position he occupies. Gen. Butler's reply to it is marked by heartlessness, absurdity, and special pleading throughout; for, no matter what may be his natural, legal or military ability, it is not in his power to vindicate his conduct in this particular.

He begins by acknowledging that he was accurately reported by the telegraph, and adds—"Fortunately for us all, the rumor of such an outbreak was without substantial foundation." Fortunate indeed! for what a revolting spectacle it would have been to have seen the Massachusetts troops, with liberty on their lips, and sent to maintain the general government against a widely extended slaveholding conspiracy, rallying to reduce to chains and slavery those who were struggling to recover their God-given, inalienable rights! In such a contest, if every one of those troops had found a bloody grave, the verdict of the world would have been—"Rightly served!" And if Gen. Butler had been the first to fall, he would have met a merited fate, and his memory been execrated in all coming time—if Lexington and Bunker Hill are worthy of historic renown. As it is, he ought to

"Doff that lion's hide,
And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."

His rightful place is on the slave auction-block, or under the slave-driver's lash on Jefferson Davis's plantation, rather than the insurgent slave, who, animated by an unconquerable love of freedom, adopts the motto of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" and acts accordingly.

There is no occasion for us here to reiterate our belief in the inviolability of human life, and the sacredness of the principles of peace; for this does not preclude us from measuring military chieftains and soldiers by their own standard, in order to show their hypocrisy and baseness. Gen. Butler glories in the revolutionary struggle of 1776; in the war of 1812; in resisting tyranny unto blood. He is at the head of the Massachusetts troops, ostensibly to put down traitors and usurpers, whose purpose it is to overthrow all free institutions, and substitute might for right. Yet he is ready, with his forces, at any moment, to "kill, slay and destroy" *the most oppressed of the human race*, or to reduce them again to hopeless captivity, if they shall attempt to obtain their freedom by the sword! This is a terrible paradox. Could a greater sin be committed against God, or a more shocking outrage be inflicted upon man? We trust Gen. Butler slanders the troops under his command, and that, sooner than they will consent to suppress a slave insurrection, they will choose to be court-martialled and shot. What he would do, in such a case, he unblushingly proclaims to the world. And he claims to be a Democrat *par excellence*—an admirer of the Declaration of Independence—a devotee at the shrine of Liberty! Is not such effrontery astounding? Is not the hypocrisy which matches it intensely disgusting? What did Thomas Jefferson say of such conduct, and of the fate of the Southern slave population?

"What a stupendous, what an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, *in vindication of his own liberty*, and, the next moment, *be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial*, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, *one hour* of which is fraught with more misery than *ages* of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must wait, with patience, the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of *these our suffering brethren*. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length *by his exterminating thunder*, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

Is not Gen. Butler "an incomprehensible machine," according to the definition of Thomas Jefferson? What else does Mr. Jefferson say?

"Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have *removed their only firm basis*—a conviction in the minds of the people that *these liberties are the gift of God?* that they are *not to be violated but with his wrath?* Indeed, I TREMBLE FOR MY COUNTRY WHEN I REFLECT THAT GOD IS JUST; THAT HIS JUSTICE CANNOT SLEEP FOREVER; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, *an exchange of situation, is among possible events;* that it may become probable by supernatural interference! *The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.*"

Gen. Butler, it appears, deems himself more than a match for the Almighty, with all his attributes, and is ready for a trial at arms! Again Mr. Jefferson says:

"THE HOUR OF EMANCIPATION IS ADVANCING, in the march of time. *It will come;* and, whether brought on by the generous energies of our own mind, or by *the bloody process of St. Domingo*, excited and conducted by the power of our present enemy, if once stationed permanently within our country, and *offering asylum and arms to the oppressed*, is a leaf of our history not yet turned over."

Emancipation will come, says Mr. Jefferson. "No, it won't," says Gen. Butler, "for I will prevent it by the aid of the Massachusetts troops!" It may come "by the bloody process of St. Domingo," says Mr. Jefferson, with no affectation of horror. "God forbid!" sentimentally exclaims Gen. Butler; "let the brutalities, too horrible to be named, that might visit the slaveholders and slave-traffickers in such a case, still be inflicted upon, and confined exclusively to, their miserable and guiltless victims; and then everything will work charmingly for us!—~~for~~ unless the rebels resort to dishonorable means of defence, and resort to poison and the assassin's knife against me and my men, in which case they shall have the scenes of St. Domingo enacted in their direst aspect!"

It was in *Maryland* he volunteered to suppress a slave insurrection—*after* the pavements of Baltimore were stained by the blood of Massachusetts soldiers, treacherously slain while hastening to defend the national capital against invading rebels—*at the time* the whole State was rotten with treason, all regular intercourse with Washington cut off by the traitors, he himself compelled to guard every foot of the railroad from Annapolis to Washington by a military detachment, and every requisition of President Lincoln for aid from Maryland had been spurned with contempt by Governor Hicks! It was "on the morning following his landing at Annapolis," that he made the dastardly and brutal overture! He would not allow twenty-four hours to pass, without indicating his loyalty to that very system of slavery, out of which all these treasonable movements have as naturally emanated as streams of lava from Vesuvius, and which generate servile insurrections as the malaria does atmospheric convulsions! He was swift in purpose as a bloodhound on the track of a fugitive slave; apparently deeming it a very "patriotic" act to be identified with those "whose feet run to evil, and who make haste to shed innocent blood"! Surely, if any man should be deprived of his liberty, on the ground that he cannot be trusted with it, by a due regard to the safety and rights of others, it is Gen. Butler.

Boston Correspondence of The Tribune.

Gen. Butler has done a very indiscreet, not to say improper thing, in sending to the press the unfinished correspondence between himself and Gov. Andrew, without asking the Governor's consent. Governor Andrew's letter to him had not been made public, nor had the substance of it, or any reference to it, found its way into the public prints, so far as I am aware, and I read the newspapers pretty carefully. Yet, for some reason or other best known to himself, the General sends to the Boston *Journal* a copy of the Governor's dispatch and a lengthy reply of his own, which reply, judging from its date, and the date of publication, must have reached the press about the same time as it reached the Governor. To send this long piece of special pleading to the public, without the Governor's consent, and without waiting to know whether the correspondence was to end there or not, was certainly a great piece of indiscretion. I do not think anybody here is disposed to criticize harshly Gen. Butler's course. He is looked upon with favorable eyes here, and especially by his old political opponents, who have always treated him with great leniency and kindness, as I have no doubt he will readily admit. But this is emphatically, as the London *Times* says, a people's war, and the people must and will criticize the way in which it is carried on. It appears that there was, after all, no servile insurrection for Gen. Butler to put down; only a rumor of one, and we are left wholly in the dark as to the character of the rumors. Gen. Butler makes his appearance in a hostile or quasi hostile country; somebody tells him there is an insurrection of slaves against their masters; he tells Gov. Hicks that he will aid in suppressing it; and Gov. Hicks snubs him by saying that he can deal with it himself. These seem to be all the facts in the case. It would seem to have been a proper subject of inquiry for Gen. Butler, whether, possibly, the servile insurrection was not an insurrection of loyal people against secession traitors—quite the most likely sort of rebellion at that time and place. Suppose he had been at that time in Virginia, and Gov. Letcher had informed him that an insurrection had broken out at Wheeling, and was fast spreading through the thirty Counties of Western Virginia, threatening to break the laws of the State, and dismember the Old Dominion itself? Would he have volunteered to use the Massachusetts forces to put down the Wheeling rebellion? Of course not. Yet, for aught he knew, the rumored rebellion which he was so eager to put down, was a rebellion of loyal white men, or loyal free colored men, instead of slaves. His principle of action, in which he justifies his course, is expressed in the following words: "I assured both the Governor and the Mayor, that, supported by the authorities of the State and city, I should repress all hostile demonstrations against the laws of Maryland and the United States." But it is perfectly clear that he can maintain no such ground as this, for the laws of the United States and the laws of the disloyal States are incompatible with each other, and he cannot support both. If he undertakes to maintain the laws of Virginia, he becomes an accomplice of Virginia's treason; does he not? His oath of allegiance binds him to maintain the laws of the *United States*, not of Maryland or of Virginia; and if he owes allegiance to any other power than the United States, it is the conscience and the public sentiment of the State whose troops he commands. The General paints in glowing colors the excellent results of his offer to Gov. Hicks; but I presume that the presence of his force at Annapolis, and the common understanding that they were there to repress treason, did much more to produce quiet than his unasked offer to put down an insurrection which never existed.

So much for the General's account of what he did at Annapolis. His statement of what he shall do in future is a pure piece of special pleading, which reminds his old friends of his pleas at the bar when a rich case of malpractice or maltreatment of a seaman fell into his hands. His suppositious case—"horrors of San Domingo," "rapine, arson and murder," "war upon defenceless women and children," "brutalities too horrible to be named," "tomahawk and scalping-knife," "four millions of worse than savages," "nameless horrors of a servile insurrection," and so on—has no existence in fact or in fancy, except in the fancy of one who has been in a habit of making this kind of stump speeches, to justify his subserviency to the power which is now in actual rebellion against the United States. The question presented to Gen. Butler was whether he should use his troops, on public and probably interested rumor, to put down a rebellion of men who, for aught he knew, might be loyal black or white citizens coöperating with himself in putting down armed resistance to the government. Or supposing there had been an actual rebellion of slaves against their masters, the question was whether these masters, traitors in all probability, should be allowed to take care of their own little insurrections—to find out how they liked the idea—or have them put down by United States troops, so as to be allowed full opportunity to carry into operation their schemes against the government. The General will not be able to escape from the actual state of the facts by special pleading; though I have no reason to suppose that his action will be the subject of much comment in future. I understand very well that his position is a difficult one, and I admit that there may possibly be a justification in the emergencies of warfare for departing from the line of rectitude and principle; but that this war can enlist the heart and conscience and brain of the North, so necessary to carry it on successfully, by a system of operations like that which Gen. Butler has commenced, I do not believe. But no man can shut his eyes to the possibility—the probability even—that this contest will be waged by the rebel forces in a manner so regardless of all law, and all humanity, as to compel a resort to every weapon which the laws of war legitimately place at our command.

The South has begun by waging *a piratical war upon private property*. In this they take us at a prodigious disadvantage. The sea is white with the sails of our commerce, and millions of dollars may be plundered, and thousands of our lives taken by their privateers, while they have no commerce exposed to retaliation. They have struck a blow at *our* "peculiar institution"—at commerce, in which millions upon millions of our property are invested. We suggested, some weeks ago, that the issuing of letters of marque would be almost certain, sooner or later, to lead to measures of retaliation upon *their* peculiar property—the only property they have which is vulnerable to assault.

At present public sentiment indorses fully the policy pursued by Gen. Butler and set forth in his letter to Gov. Andrew. But after the Southern privateers have fairly commenced their murderous depredations upon our commerce, it will be impossible to restrain our people from wielding every weapon which the laws of war place in their hands.

FREE SAILORS SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CREW OF THE STAR OF THE WEST.

From The Chicago Journal, May 8.

TEN of the crew of the unfortunate Star of the West, Captain McGowan, which, after her mishap at Charleston harbor, was captured by the rebels at Indianola, Texas, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon on their way to their homes in New York. Our reporter had an interview with them at the Michigan Southern dépôt last evening, and found them, as might have been expected, a rough, hardy set of fellows, bronzed by exposure and fatigued by travel, but with the genuine characteristics of the sailor, ready to sail again the same cruise if called upon.

They report that the Star of the West, manned by a crew of forty men all told, with a cargo of provisions, arrived at Indianola, on the Texas coast, on the afternoon of the 17th of April, and anchored off the town, awaiting, as per orders, the arrival of a detachment of Federal troops from the northern part of Texas. About one o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the lookout discovered a steamer approaching them, and called the captain. The stranger craft came alongside and hailed them, informing them that they had three hundred and fifty United States troops on board, and wished to transfer them. Captain McGowan, suspecting nothing, called up the crew and employed every facility for transferring about one hundred rebels into his steamer. He did not discover his mistake until the captain of the rebel force established guards in every part of the vessel, hauled down the stars and stripes, and run up the lone star flag of Texas.

The rebels were so elated with their success in capturing an unarmed merchant vessel that they fairly danced on the decks for joy, but were suddenly checked in their extravagant demonstrations by the gallant captain of the steamer, who intimated that he did not consider the capture of an unarmed steamer with a defenceless crew, by a detachment of troops twice their number, and armed to the teeth, a very courageous performance. The rebels, although intensely enraged, swallowed their feelings, and sneaked off to their guard duties, which were kept up closely during the night.

At daybreak the leader of the rebels summoned the crew of the steamer and gave them their option; to work the steamer to New Orleans or to be thrown into irons. They chose the former, and at sunrise weighed anchor and set sail for New Orleans. Every step of the crew was followed by the bayonet. The sailors performed their duties, eat their meals, took their turns at the wheel, and slept in their berths, with the point of the bayonet in close proximity to them.

At length the steamer reached New Orleans and was towed up to the levee as a prize, in the presence of thousands of the rebels of that city, who indulged in the same wild and jubilant extravagances which had characterized the rebels on board. They crowded around the craft, demanding that the d—d Federal Yankee troops should be led out. Their surprise and mortification may be imagined when the hundred rebels marched out forty unarmed sailors in their blue shirts and tarpaulins. The crowd would not be satisfied, until they had carefully examined the vessel, that there were not some of the d—d Yankee troops on board.

A consultation was held by the authorities, and not knowing what to do with the forty, they sent them to the Gulf of Mobile, strongly guarded. The steamer when they left was rapidly being converted into a war vessel.

Arrived at Mobile, the forty again witnessed another carnival over their capture. Another consultation was held, and the rebels at Mobile not wanting them, and not knowing what to do with them, sent them, under a strong guard, to Montgomery. At Montgomery another consultation was had. The mob violently clamored that they should hang them. The leaders, not feeling warranted in hanging peaceful merchant sailors, summoned them to the State-house, and by offers of high wages and other flattering inducements, tried to persuade them to enlist in the rebel navy. They urged as inducements that they had no sailors, and would pay them any sum if they would serve in their navy. The entire crew, with the exception of one coward, gallantly and firmly refused, and demanded that, as they were not in the service of any government, they should have their rights. The leaders, enraged at their ill-success, then told them that they must enlist or leave in half an hour. They chose to leave in half an hour, and long before that time they were on their way back to Mobile.

Three of the colored sailors, all free men, were taken by the leaders, put up at auction the same day, sold, and hurried off into slavery. As soon as they arrived at Montgomery these unfortunate men were seized, not allowed a word of defence, and hurried off like cattle into the interior, under the tender mercies of the slave-driver.

From Mobile the crew left for the North in different directions. Captain McGowan was allowed to go to New York from Montgomery by the eastern route. The ten who arrived here yesterday left New Orleans, whither they went from Mobile, on the 30th, and worked their passage up the river, arriving at Cairo on Sunday night.

During the sail up the river they were treated like dogs, insulted and jeered at at every landing-place, and allowed scarcely enough of provisions to keep them from starving.

At Cairo they reported themselves to Colonel Prentiss, who promptly attended to their wants and procured for them free passes over the Illinois Central road to Chicago. The crew speak in the highest terms of the Colonel as a gentleman, every inch of him; they were also highly pleased with the reception from "our boys" at Cairo, and give it as their opinion that the rebels will think twice before they attack them.

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY AND THE PRESENT REBELLION.

From The Times.

WE have insisted, from the beginning of the wicked and baseless rebellion which now agitates the country, that the question of slavery had nothing to do with it, and that the object of this great uprising of the loyal people was—not to interfere with slavery, but to sustain the government and Constitution of the United States. * * * Nevertheless, it cannot be concealed that the progress of events, always rapid in revolutions, may compel a change in the policy of the government, as well as in the sentiment of the people, upon this subject. The Southern leaders propose to conduct this war with a most extraordinary disregard of the laws and usages of civilized warfare. They have begun by authorizing piracy and the wholesale plunder of private property. They set prices upon the heads of loyal citizens. It can scarcely be supposed that such barbarous rules as these can be put into practical operation, without working a radical change in the spirit of the war and the sentiment of the world.

As slavery is the most vulnerable point of the South, the time may come when the government will be compelled, in self-defence, to inquire into its relations to that institution, in time of war. And, as pertinent to that question, we copy the following remarks on this point, made by John Quincy Adams, April 14 and 15, 1842; they will be read with interest at the present moment:

[The remarks of Mr. Adams were published in THE STANDARD last week.]

There is in this declaration, from one of the ablest publicists this country has ever known, matter worthy of profound consideration. Its main position is, that in war the military law supersedes, and, for the moment, annuls the civil law. It is for the commander at the head of the army to declare what shall be law in any military district within his control; and the only question he has to ask himself is, what will best promote the efficiency of his military operations? The moment a Federal army is marched into any slave State, the General at the head of it has power to decree the emancipation of every slave.

This is a prodigious power—one which, it is to be hoped, our armies will not be compelled to exercise, but it was not until they arrived at the seat of the rebel government, where Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet are supreme, that this act of defiance to the American government was ventured upon. The sale of our seamen at public auction was doubtless intended to express, in the most deliberate and emphatic manner possible, the contempt in which the heads of the rebel government hold Northern rights and Northern feelings.

The men thus deprived of freedom were in the service of the United States. Looking at this act in its relation to the laws of war, it is as flagrant a violation of them as to have made slaves of the white members of the crew. If the Secessionists shall claim that these men, by the decision of the Supreme Court, are not citizens of the United States, and are not entitled by the laws of war to be dealt with as citizens, they cannot, at least, deny that they were the dependants of the United States, that they were in its service and entitled to its protection. If we fail to afford that protection, we shall admit a principle which the leaders of the rebellion themselves must see is full of danger to the Southern States.

For, if the chiefs of the new Confederacy insist upon selling the negroes of the free States into slavery, they virtually proclaim our right to dispose of their negroes also. If they claim that the war in which they have engaged gives them a right of conquest over the bodies of all the colored inhabitants of the free States whom they may entrap into their power or capture in a conflict, they concede the right of interference with their slaves as a means of retaliation and prevention.

We have often referred to the evidences which the rebel States are giving of their relapse into the practices of barbarism. Here is another and most striking illustration of the degradation to which they have sunk. It is the habit only of savage tribes to make slaves of those whom they take in war.

If the United States submit to this indignity, they will allow the rebels, whenever a party of citizens from the loyal States may fall into their hands, to select those whom they may fancy to be of colored descent, and sell them to pay the expense of guarding the others. Our government should lose no time in coming forward to the rescue of those unfortunate men who entered its service relying upon its protection, and who have been sold away from their families into what is meant shall be life-long exile and bondage. It should be made a point of honor with our government to redeem them. If this be not done, so far as lies in our power, we shall deserve the scorn of the world.

THE END OF SLAVERY.

From The Northern Independent.

THE end of slavery has come. It may be that in some portions of the now slaveholding States the work of emancipation will not be effected at once, but in all the border States, and wherever the war rages, there freedom will be established. The South cannot prevent it. An infant might as well cope with a giant, as the impoverished and blighted regions of slavedom with the powerful cohorts of freedom. The slave empire has yielded to a madness which is fatal. Not contented with an honorable and reasonable alliance with the North, that miserable impotent section of the country must insist upon crushing out the ballot-box, thus striking down the very forms of a republican government, or blend our political fabric in ruins. It was not enough to usurp the Federal judiciary, monopolize the Federal offices, murder Northern citizens, and demoralize the whole country, but new indignities must be offered. We shall not bear them. This impudence is the slave's freedom. Such outrages open the eyes of the North, and bring us back to the great charter doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

By calling attention to the essential meanness of slavery, this rebellion will exert a most salutary influence on the world. All will see that slavery is incompatible with honesty or decency in anything. The rebellion is only a specific instance of a corruption which is absolute and universal. Slavery is an abnegation of all morals—not merely, as is too commonly supposed, an abnegation of morals towards the African.

Blood shed on such a question gives the requisite breadth to freedom. We shall not hereafter corrupt and befool ourselves with distinctions between the rights of white men and the rights of colored men. A wise Providence saw that it was not best that our practical heresy on so vital a point should be allowed farther to propagate itself; hence this war was let loose upon us to scourge us back into the political orthodoxy of our ancestors. Let this strife go on a few months and we shall have but one creed, and that the following—"All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

We shall again be entitled to public respect. For many years past the reputation of this country has been cheapened through all Europe, and its moral influence utterly destroyed by our relations to slavery. All saw that the grandest experiment in republican government the world had ever known was a miserable burlesque, inasmuch as while we professed equality and liberty for all, we ruthlessly clutched four millions of Africans, and doomed them to all the horrors of chattelism. This abominable hypocrisy made the United States a byword and a reproach in all lands; but a full end has come, and the glorious war which Southern madness forces upon us will wipe out the last traces of the "peculiar institution."

With war, thanks be to God, comes an end of compromise—that maelstrom where our national virtue has so long gone down. These United States have been cursed, above all countries on the globe, with the infernal spirit of compromise. No matter what might be in dispute, however sacred and indefeasible the right, we have been ready to yield it for the sake of peace, and especially for the sake of the Union. It is refreshing to think that we have had the very last of these satanic propositions to barter away inalienable rights, whether belonging to ourselves or others.

Finally, whichever way things may turn, immense advantage must accrue to the free States. If the Confederacy proves to be permanent, we shall at least be ennobled, by rising to the dignity of men, and throwing off the obligation to be the slave hounds of the South. But should the rebels be subdued, and their leaders hung, as they ought to be, then the power of the infamous slaveholding oligarchy is forever broken. We shall never have another pro-slavery rebellion. Every friend of his country should pray that the battle now begun may be waged till the Slave Power is uprooted forever. It will not take long. Six months will be ample time to subdue every seceding State. A million of men—nay, five millions of men—are ready to march in any direction, and the only fear they have is that they will find nobody to fight when they get to their journey's end. Let pro-slaveryism do its worst now, as it may never get another so good a chance. If the devil of compromise does not step in to betray the North and arrest the battle, we have no fears. God will defend the right.

HOW WILL THE NEGROES ACT?

[Extract of a letter in *The Times*, from a gentleman, formerly a citizen of New York, who has spent the last two years in Richmond, but was compelled to flee from that place, leaving behind him everything that he possessed, save the clothing upon his person.]

SOUTHERN newspapers boast of the loyalty of their slaves, of their anxiety to fight their Northern enemies, and triumphantly tell us that thousands are now throwing up defences and are otherwise engaged in the service of the Southern army, and many slaveholders confidently believe that their servants will assist them in this fight; but I shall be obliged to tear off the mask.

Despite the efforts of Southern masters, large numbers of slaves and free negroes have learned to read, and many of them are far more intelligent than the "poor white trash" with which the slave States abound. During the last Presidential campaign, the most interested and eager listeners at political meetings were these people; they communicated to each other what they heard, and they all understood that the question of slavery was involved in the contest, and very many believed that the election of Mr. Lincoln would secure their emancipation, and many acted in accordance with this belief. One, out of many facts, will illustrate this point. Soon after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, seventeen slaves, living on a plantation near Petersburgh, Va., repaired to their master early one morning, and the spokesman of the party boldly told him that they had served him long enough; that they were free now, and had merely called to tell him that they were going away, and on they went. The master had no power to stop them, but he reached Petersburgh before them, where he had the whole party arrested, sold, and forthwith sent to the far South. A prevalent opinion among them is, that this war is a fulfilment of the prophecy recorded in the eleventh chapter of Daniel. They have their revolutionary and patriotic songs, which they sing in private. They hold secret religious meetings, the burthen of their prayers being that the Lord will help the North, and hasten the day of their emancipation. A few days ago I was travelling in the interior of Virginia. Night overtook me in the neighborhood of a farmhouse, where I was entertained until the next day. That night I chanced to hear the evening devotions of the slaves in one of their huts. I was an unobserved spectator. I heard them pray for the success of the North, and one old woman wept for joy when told that the Northern armies were soon coming to set them free. "Oh! good massa Jesus," said she, "let the time be short." During this time they heard the clang of arms in their master's house, for two of his sons were members of a troop of horse, ready to start in the morning for Richmond, and were practising with the broadswords. To their masters, the slaves pretend entire ignorance of this whole movement, but to white men in whom they confide, they reveal their hopes, fears, desires and plans. They have no arms, and could not use them if they had; but they have other means of destruction more potent and fearful, which no power can prevent their using. When the time comes for them to act, they will know no love stronger than the love of *liberty*.

The *free* negro element has always been considered dangerous to Southern slavery, and, in the present crisis, the best way to dispose of it was an important question.

The free and enslaved are everywhere in constant and uninterrupted intercourse, and it would not be wise to leave them at home whilst their masters were in the army. To the Southern mind, there is nothing so terrible as the fear of a servile insurrection. On my way from Lynchburgh to Alexandria, I heard a physician at one of the stations tell an acquaintance in the cars that he was the only *white* man left on *fifteen* adjoining plantations, and that nearly all the "niggers" had been sent away. To protect themselves against negro hostility, which they know to be deep, abiding, unrelenting and fierce, the citizens of the Southern towns and cities organized the *Home Guard*, and then a very cunning device was, to send the "niggers," free and bond, with the army, and employ them in erecting fortifications and in performing the drudgery of the camp. Large numbers of them are thus engaged in Virginia. The free people went because they were offered good wages, when they could do nothing at home, and the slaves had no alternative but to obey orders. They are closely watched by the military, who largely outnumber them, and who fear no insurrection in their presence; but whenever a Federal army confronts their masters, and they see that the Northern troops must win the day—to use the expressive language of a slave in Richmond—they "will fight for those who fight for them"; so that in the end, the slaveholders' fancied security may be a terrible delusion. The Southern newspapers, in noticing the promptitude with which the negroes respond to the call for their services in military operations, ascribe it to the love they bear their masters, to the loftiest patriotism, and to their hatred of their Northern enemies, as they are taught to regard the people of the North. In the writer's flight from Virginia, he was secreted for three days and nights in the house of a colored family, the head of which was among the "patriots" at Norfolk, engaged in throwing up fortifications, under the directions of General Gwynn. He and his family are unrelenting in the hatred of slavery, and pray for the triumph of Northern arms; and when the time comes when such men (and the South is full of them) can strike a *sure* blow, they will strike. Already we hear of insurrections, and of extensive conflagrations, and this is but the beginning. Northern men may deplore this feeling on the part of the negroes, and the excesses to which it will give rise; but there is no help for it—the day of retribution is at hand, and there is no power to arrest its progress or its terrors.

VIRGINIA FUGITIVE.

THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Extracts from his Address to the Legislature.

THE occasion demands *action*, and it shall not be delayed by *speech*. Nor do either the people or their representatives need or require to be stimulated by appeals, or convinced by arguments. A grand era has dawned, inaugurated by the present great and critical exigency of the nation, through which it will providentially and triumphantly pass, and soon, emerging from apparent gloom, will breathe a freer inspiration in the assured consciousness of vitality and power. Confident of our ultimate future, confident in the principles and ideas of democratic republican government, in the capacity, conviction, and manly purpose of the American people, wherever liberty exists and republican government is administered under the purifying and instructing power of free opinion and free debate, I perceive nothing now about us which ought to discourage the good or to alarm the brave.

This is no war of sections—no war of North on South. It is waged to avenge no former wrongs, nor to perpetuate ancient griefs or memories of conflict. It is the struggle of the people to vindicate their own rights, to retain and invigorate the institutions of their fathers; the majestic effort of a national government to vindicate its power and execute its functions for the welfare and happiness of the whole; and, therefore, while I do not forget, I will not name to-day that "*subtle poison*" which has lurked always in our national system; and I remember also at this moment, that even in the midst of rank and towering rebellion, under the very shadow of its torch and axe, there are silent but loyal multitudes of citizens of the South who wait for the national power to be revealed and its protecting flag unfurled for their own deliverance.

At present the troops willing to march under the orders of the President exceed many times in number the utmost

cry of Samuel Adams, as he, excluded from royal grace, heard the sharp musketry which on the dawn of the 19th of April, 1775, announced the beginning of the War of Independence. The yeomanry who, in 1775, on Lexington Common and on the banks of Concord River, first made that day immortal in our annals, have found their lineal representatives in the historic regiment which, on the 19th of April, 1861, in the streets of Baltimore, baptized our flag anew in heroic blood, when Massachusetts marched once more "*in the sacred cause of liberty and the rights of mankind.*"

Grave responsibilities have fallen, in the Providence of God, upon the government and the people; and they are welcome. They could not have been safely postponed. They have not arrived too soon. They will sift and try this people, all who lead and all who follow. But this trial, giving us a heroic present to revive our past, will breathe the inspiration of a new life into our national character, and reassure the destiny of the Republic.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE defeat of the great Conspiracy against Civil Liberty, which now seems certain, must be ever a subject of astonishment as well as gratitude. Never was there a Cabal carried on with greater secrecy or a plot contrived with greater skill than those now doomed to a disgraceful discomfiture. We do not mean to affirm that there would not have been virtue and spirit enough in the North to conquer peace and liberty in the end, had the conspirators carried out their scheme with as much ability as they had shown in its concoction, but it would have been only after a very long and dubious conflict. That the materials for such a conflict exist in the North, the great uprising there has shown; but it might have taken a very long time to bring them into effective operation, had it not been for the folly of the traitors in the reduction of their treason to practice. Their blunders, at the moment of springing the mine they had made under the institutions of the country, equalled the engineering skill with which it had been prepared. And it was this only that has saved us from a much more calamitous explosion than that which has only awakened the North and startled it into a life it did not itself know that it possessed.

For at least thirty years, ever since the days of South Carolina Nullification, a definite plan has unquestionably existed for the establishment of the Slave Power in permanence over the whole United States. We do not believe that the idea of an actual separation of the States was ever seriously entertained, until since the developments consequent on the taking of Fort Sumter. It was a threat, meant only to keep the timid and time-serving at the North in check and in order, but not designed for actual execution. This conspiracy has been kept along, with ramifications in the North, abiding its time in all sagacious patience. The chiefs were never in a hurry. They took ample time to mature their plans and to make all possible preparation for the *coup d'état* they contemplated. As long as the slaveholders were virtually in power, as they have been under every Administration, they were willing to wait and let the pear ripen yet more before they stretched forth their hands to pluck it. For at least eight years back, traitors have been fostered in the warmest rays of power, and so strengthened in their might of mischief. Jefferson Davis was placed, in 1853, by his tool, if not his confederate, Franklin Pierce, in the post of Secretary of War, and was ready to enact the part of Floyd had Colonel Fremont been the successful competitor in the race of 1856. Buchanan having succeeded in reaching the goal of the White House, through jockeying and false play, the traitors had full possession of the government, in person or by proxy, but especially in the departments of the Treasury, of War and of the Navy. Had Breckinridge been elected, the schemes of the conspirators might have been allowed to slumber and sleep for another four years. But in the strong probability of Mr. Lincoln's election, every arrangement was made to put the plot into execution. And, even now, it is hard to understand why it was that it did not succeed, requiring a counter attack from the North, at great disadvantage, to overcome it. And all this was but the preparation for the instant blow. For long years the train of events had been marshalled so as to open the path to their design. The annexation of Texas, the Mexican war and the territory won in it, the pretensions to Cuba, the filibustering expeditions to Central America, the open preaching of the gospel of the slave trade, were all mere preparations for the great scene that was to be enacted.

By means of their tools throughout the North, the slaveholders had revived and intensified the old pro-slavery mob-spirit, and made it more rampant than in 1835. It seemed to have possession of the land, and it had decreed that there should never again be any word of disrespect to slavery or slaveholders uttered in city or village. Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, and even Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, cowered panic-stricken before it. They had their organs in the North which openly espoused their cause, and were plainly in their sympathy if not in their secrets. Why they did not seize upon Washington, prevent the counting of the votes, declare Breckinridge the chosen President, and hinder the arrival of President Lincoln at Washington, by assassination or otherwise, will always be a mystery. For all of these things they could have done—at least, if they could have kept their council. Perhaps it is to the chronic incontinence of a secret which seems to be a part of the American idiosyncrasy (to which, happily, the present Administration seem to form an exception) that we owe the more favorable issue which is now presented for the inevitable conflict. Civil war would have probably resulted from this plan, but they would have been sure of a large support at the North, which would perhaps have turned the scale in their favor. The advantage of the possession of the Capital, of the flag, of the name of the nation, of the good wishes of all officeholders and pro-slavery men of all sorts would have been theirs, and it is not too much to say that there would have been great danger of such a bold stroke meeting with the success they hoped for. What circumstances occurred to hinder this prosperity of treason we shall probably never know. For the few troops Gen. Scott had rallied to the defence of the Capital could hardly account for it. But, at any rate, the slaveholders let that auspicious moment escape them, and with it flew away their best hopes of success.

Having let slip this golden moment and suffered the government to be organized in the regular way, they had to fall back upon carrying through the plan of operations which is now a part of history. The conspirators at Montgomery and throughout the cotton States still reckoned on the assistance of the anti-Republican element in the North, and especially in the great cities. They fully believed, as we know from the testimony of persons on the spot, that as soon as the news of the reduction of Sumter should be received in this city the offices of *The Tribune* and *Evening Post* would be sacked and Republicanism forever at an end. The reduction of Washington would follow as a matter of course, Jefferson Davis would supersede Lincoln, a reconstruction of the Union would take place on the basis of the Montgomery Constitution, laws would be made organic securing slavery from all assaults from without and from within, by press or by speech, and all would be peace within the borders of slavedom. Then Cuba, and Mexico, and Central America, and the West India Islands, and perhaps all South America, would open their arms to receive the new evangel, the slave trade would pour out its sabled hordes to build up the kingdom of Cotton, and Slavery would go on conquering and to conquer until it should overshadow the whole Western Hemisphere. Then came their fatal blunders. First, the invention of the new flag, instead of claiming the old stars and stripes as the standard of the true United States. Secondly, the firing on the flag at Fort Sumter, which every man at the North, excepting their small band of confederates, felt like a blow in the face, to be resented on the spot. And, thirdly, the proclamation of piracy, which united all the capital and all the commerce in the country in the closest of leagues against them, with the sense that it was a question of life and death between Northern property, hitherto the surest friend of the South, and Jefferson Davis. Happily for us, the slaveholders were left to believe many lies, which has been our salvation. Had they been wise in their generation and done their wickedness craftily, as they easily might, they could have fomented fatal divisions in the North, and by availing themselves of them, they might have made the battle for civil liberty a very sore one and at our very gates, which might have gone against us for many years.

Happily, they took other counsels. Strong in their own conceit and duped by the false representations of their Northern flatterers, they have done the very things which have crushed those flatterers into nothingness, and made the whole North, as one man, bent upon their humiliation and subjection. To the insult offered to the pride of the nation in the shots aimed at its flag they have added the threatened injury of piracy let loose upon its property scattered over the pathways of the ocean. Every inducement that could make passion prudence, and vengeance wisdom, they have seized upon to unite the North in the settled purpose of their downfall. They have made compromise impossible, and there can be no question as to what the issue of the war must be. If nineteen millions are not more than a match for eight, the eight having four million slaves to look after, with little money and absolutely no credit, while the nineteen millions have no slaves, abundant money and unlimited credit, why, then, the sooner Jefferson Davis is made Emperor with absolute power the better. But this cannot and will not be. All we have to do, is, to see to it that, when the war is over, its fatal original and cause be removed forever out of the path of the nation's glory and prosperity. There must be no peace till the stars and stripes wave over no bondman, and the blot which has so long darkened the blazon of the nation is wiped out of it forever.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

THERE is a tide, no doubt, in the cheerfulness, as well as in the other affairs and characteristics of men. The limitations of humanity do not allow us to hold an equable state, continuously, in any department of our being or our action. Thus it may happen that the younger is able, at a particular moment, to give good counsel to the elder; the pupil to speak "a word in season" to the teacher.

In spite of the despondent tone in which our much respected friend Beriah Green speaks (in last week's STANDARD) respecting "The Signs of the Times," we are sure that his present position, as well as his general character, are accurately described in these words of Philip Van Artevelde:

"Nor do I now despond. All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes. I trained myself
To take my place, in high or low estate,
As one of that small order of mankind."

Nevertheless, our excellent friend, being perhaps just now *less himself* than usual, feels "sadness and apprehension" at the laying aside of our Annual Meeting; and, in reply to the reason given for that departure from our usual custom—namely, that, just now, others are doing our work, and are able to do it more effectively than we, and would probably be in part diverted from that effective labor by our prominence in action—he says: "None but the Abolitionist can perform, can by any possibility perform, the work of the Abolitionist."

No doubt there is a great truth in this statement. For *the* work of the Abolitionist, that which he originally sought to do, that which it would *most* gratify him to accomplish, is to persuade the master spontaneously and heartily to do justice to the slave. But, if we consider that this work includes two things—a change not only in the character of the master, but in the condition of the slave—and that the latter of these is no less desirable even if the former utterly fail of accomplishment for the present—and that this latter certainly may be accomplished by hands, and by means, quite other than ours—then another aspect, and one very well worth our attention, is given to this question.

We, the Abolitionists, certainly did hope, when the enterprise was commenced, thirty years ago, to convert the slaveholders; since we proved such conversion to be alike their duty and their interest. But the probability of that result has been constantly growing less, from that day to this. Afterwards we hoped to convert the Northern people through the interposition, and cooperation with us, of the clergy; and this hope equally failed. Then we hoped, by *direct* personal appeal to the reason and conscience of the North, to influence her people to remember those in bonds as bound with them. When this also failed, we called the attention of the North to the enormous incidental infraction of *her* rights, through the means designed to perpetuate the subjugation of the slaves; and here began the partial success which we have attained. Few, poor, despised and everywhere spoken against, as we are, we have yet succeeded in *half*-converting *half* the people of the North. We have compelled them to see that the *extension* of slavery is too directly ruinous to *their interests* to be any longer permitted. True, this is very far short of what we wished, and sought. But see what has come of it.

Nothing would have come of it except the slow growth of truth, preparing the next generation to take some additional step, had not our labors been providentially assisted by the suicidal folly of the South, which insisted upon having the extension as well as the existence of slavery, and sought it by secession, combined with robbery, insult and outrage of various sorts. While our poor, timorous, hesitating half-converts had got only so far as to see that slavery must not be *extended*, the South quickened their perceptions by the use of a sharp stick, insolently wrenching away more rights, and insolently inflicting more wrongs. The South had plenty of friends in the North. Hallett and Everett were with her as thoroughly as Bell and Breckinridge, the rabble of New York city as thoroughly as the rabble of Baltimore. But she has insulted and outraged these also, to the extent of uniting them in arms against her; and her course of violent aggression has been so indiscriminate, as to imply a readiness on her part to dispense with friends altogether.

Now, admitting frankly that the slaveholders are no nearer conversion than they were thirty years ago—and that Hallett and Everett, and Ellsworth's Zouaves, and Wilson's regiment, are no more opposed to the system of slavery than they were before—and that Lincoln and his Republicans are so stupid as not to see that it is the relation of the South *towards slavery*, instead of merely the hostility of the South *to them*, that needs to be opposed—and that all this heterogeneous Northern force which is now acting as a unit against the seceding States is acting only from love of the Union and the flag, and not at all from hatred of slavery—admitting all this, and lamenting it, still, is it not an advantage to the slave that all these, formerly allies of his oppressor, are now acting against his oppressor, and that the breach between them is widening instead of narrowing? Is it not an advantage to the slave that one so thoroughly indifferent to him and his interests as General Butler is now forced, by circumstances, not only to stand in armed opposition to his master, but to proclaim that, in a certain probable contingency, he will avail himself of the help of the slave against the master? Are not all the Northern men who are engaged in this war "building wiser than they know"? Allowing that they have no wish or purpose to do the Abolitionist's work, or any part of it, are they not really doing a very important part of it? weakening the power that holds the slave? filing away part of his chain?

Allowing, and regretting, that the great majority of the North are acting without the slightest good-will to our cause, it is nevertheless true that, so far as they weaken the South in her aspect of rebel, just so far they weaken her in her aspect of slaveholder; and the very fact of weakening the oppressor strengthens the slave.

But more than this is true. The continuance of this armed contest, and the continuance of outrage and violence which the South will, in the course of it, inflict upon the North—damaging the pro-slavery far more than the anti-slavery portion of the North—fraudulently withholding the dues, sequestrating the property, and piratically interfering with the commerce of those who have hitherto been advocating their cause, fighting their battles, and sending back their fugitive slaves—this ingratitude and injustice will work an enlightenment of their Northern friends, constantly tending to that point which the Abolitionists have wished to effect, without being able. The very process which has begun in General Butler's mind will begin, and go on, in *their* minds. Just in proportion as their Southern friends proceed to act like enemies, just in that proportion will they feel relieved from obligation further to support the very peculiar "institution" of those Southern *friends*. And the first really great loss sustained in battle by the Northern forces will bring the Administration to the point it has been weakly postponing, a proclamation of freedom to the slaves of the rebellious States. Greatly averse as Mr. Seward is to this measure, a continuance of the war will force it upon him. And this result, unspeakably less desirable than that voluntary emancipation by the slaveholders which the Abolitionists asked, is yet very far better than the indefinite and unobstructed continuance of slavery.

The probability now is, that the war just opening, which has been forced upon us by the South, will be neither short nor moderate. It will fully express the intense malignity which the South feels (as the Richmond *Enquirer* phrased it) "against everything free." Free thought, free speech, a free press, free schools, free States, and free soil are hated by the slaveholders with a *perfect* hatred; and their threats of giving no quarter, in battle or after battle, to those whom they suppose the representatives of these ideas, will very likely be executed. But this process cannot go on long without making thorough converts of our Northern men with Southern principles, at least as far as the tolerance of slavery is concerned. Slavery is not a lovely or satisfactory thing in itself, and *cannot* be favored except by those who think they gain advantage from it. The only reason why any Northern people have favored it is, that they conceived themselves to have gained advantage from commercial and other intercourse with slaveholders. But when those slaveholders assume the position, and commence the action, of bitter enemies—when they not only refuse to pay the debts of previous trade, but commence a system of plunder upon such Northern property as is within their reach, and commit gross outrages upon the rights and the persons of Northern men, intensifying all these wrongs by language of the most insolent and abusive character—this takes away the only motive which any portion of the Northern people have heretofore had for favoring slavery.

From this change, which must inevitably follow from the continuance of the war, we expect three important and momentous results: first, a very great increase in the number of those free people, living adjacent to slavery, who are willing to assist and protect fugitive slaves; next, a general readiness, throughout the North, to sustain the Executive in the measure which will ere long be forced upon him as a necessity of war—forced upon him by the outrageous course of the slaveholders themselves—a proclamation of freedom to the slaves of the rebellious States, and perhaps an enlistment of such of them as are fit for military service in the Northern army; and, finally, a perception so thoroughly wrought into the Northern mind, that the incorporation of slaveholders with freemen in one nation cannot possibly be advantageous, or even safe, for the latter, as to lead to a rigid exclusion of slavery from the new United States, the (at last) genuine republic of the North, whenever that shall be formed.

Let us dwell a moment upon this last point, and show why and how we expect so immense a change to occur, even without any conversion of the North to genuine anti-slavery principle.

The Northern press, political and religious, and the great mass of the Northern people, have been accustomed to say, and to think, that the language of Abolitionists respecting slaveholders was unjust and abusive. They are about to undergo a process of enlightenment. By the rough surgery of war, the eyes of these willingly blind are to be *forced* to see that slaveholders are just what the Abolitionists have always painted them; that they are really brutal and detestable in character; that they have no more regard for the rights of other people than for those of their slaves; that neither justice, nor magnanimity, nor reason, nor humanity, nor honor, nor Christian principle, are for a moment to be expected of them; that they are essentially, and in both senses of the word, a *barbarous* people.

When this war, as it will be waged by Southern armies and Southern leaders, shall have had a little development, men will see that "honor" has no more existence among them than justice. They will see that the attempted assassination of Sumner at Washington, and the dastardly outrages committed by crowds of bullies upon single, unarmed Northerners, in innumerable Southern towns, are not exceptional and peculiar, but specimens of the ordinary character and methods of slaveholders. They will read their own past history for twenty years with anointed eyes, and will see what unspeakable disgrace would be involved in the making, or allowing to be made, of any more such history.

Take, for instance, Massachusetts, whose citizens first answered the call of the President for soldiers. Those prompt and spirited young men went to fight for the government, the flag, and the Union. Most of them were comparatively indifferent about slavery; many of them, no doubt, would readily have followed General Butler, if he had called them to march against slaves, newly taking possession of their birthright of liberty; but, after they shall have passed through the war, which is to show them, for the first time, how base and mean the slaveholders really are, will they still be content to do dirty work of that sort? Will it be possible for them ever to repeat the shameful submission which their fathers practised, less than twenty years ago, to the State of South Carolina, letting their colored seamen be imprisoned in her ports without pretence of crime, letting the envoy sent to inquire into their affairs be violently and ignominiously expelled from that despotic empire, and letting a law be enacted there for the still more ignominious punishment of any future envoy who should go there upon that business, without taking any action or making any remonstrance? Whatever else may come of the present war, we believe it will put an end to concessions to slavery, including the sort of concession called compromise.

Enlightenment like this, reform to this moderate extent, is to come, we confidently believe, from this war. But it has not yet come. And, as things now stand, a considerable proportion of the very people who are now shouting and acting against the South, as rebels, would return to their accustomed folly of shouting and acting *for* the South, if a specific issue were now conspicuously made against her on the ground of her slaveholding. They don't care for her slaveholding; but they are determined to stop her rebellion; and the very process of stopping the rebellion will make these two important changes; it will set half the slaves free, and cure the Northern soldiers of the delusion that it is their interest to help continue the enslavement of the other half.

It is for this reason that we heartily acquiesce in the decision already made, not this year to hold the great Annual Meetings of the Anti-Slavery Societies; not to divert any portion of that current which is now sweeping, with glorious unanimity of force, against the Southern Rebellion.

THEODORE TILTON will repeat, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at the Church of the Puritans, at 7½ o'clock, the Discourse on THE TIMES, delivered by him at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday morning last, before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church, late Theodore Parker's. Mr. Tilton was heard with eager interest in Boston by an audience which completely filled the spacious Music Hall; and we hope to see the Church of the Puritans crowded on Sunday evening.

A LETTER FROM MRS. MARTINEAU came to hand after our columns were full. We regret the necessity of postponing it till next week.

THE ANTI-CHEEVER "EX-PARTE COUNCIL."

THE conspirators who, during the last four years, have worked with such desperate energy to accomplish the removal of Dr. Cheever from the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans, and who, in the pursuit of this object, have resorted to every species of chicanery known in ecclesiastical warfare, only to be ingloriously defeated at each successive step, have reached the end of their tether at last, and are retreating from the conflict now in a cloud of dust raised in their behalf by an "Ex-Parte Council." The Council convened in this city on the 2d inst. It was composed of seventeen clergymen and thirteen laymen, the Rev. Dr. Sturtevant, of Illinois, being Moderator. The chief manager of the conclave was Dr. Thompson, of *The Independent*, the privy counsellor of Dr. Cheever's enemies and co-conspirator with them from the start—a man ambitious of distinction as an ecclesiastical leader, and not over-scrupulous as to the means whereby he may attain the desired object. A man endowed with a nice sense of honor, involved in partisan relations to Dr. Cheever and his Church, would have been restrained from serving on a Council in which he would be required to pronounce judgment upon their proceedings; but Dr. Thompson was embarrassed by no scruples of this kind. Dr. Bacon, another editor of *The Independent* (and who, if rumor speaks true, would not be unwilling to occupy the pulpit on Union Square, if Dr. Cheever could only be expelled therefrom), though not a member of the Council, appeared therein as clerical attorney of the conspirators.

It might, at first thought, seem strange that Congregational ministers from New England and the West exhibited no reluctance in making long journeys to New York for the purpose of sitting in partisan conclave upon the proceedings of the Church of the Puritans; but the wonder ceases when we consider the force of the temptation presented to a poor clergyman in the offer to bring him to New York and entertain him, free of expense, for a period including Anniversary Week, in return for a little bit of "ex-parte" clerical service, to be performed in the interest of wealthy brethren, anxious at once to maintain a reputation for anti-slavery and to strike a blow at a minister who, in setting the batteries of God's Word in play against slavery and its abettors, has been all too careless of their feelings and interests. It is to be remembered, also, that Dr. Cheever, by his uncompromising denunciations of slavery as a sin, and of the American Church and Ministry as sinners for their complicity therewith, has made himself obnoxious to all but a fraction of the clergy, and especially to those who aspire to leadership in the Congregational denomination. Of all the Congregational journals, not one has heartily supported him in his conflict with the champions and apologists of slavery, while *The Independent*, under the direction of Doctors Thompson and Bacon, has waged against him and his Church an insidious war—all the time masking its hostility under specious professions of anti-slavery, and thereby deceiving, no doubt, many sincere and earnest friends of the anti-slavery cause.

In this state of things, is it any wonder that the majority of the Church of the Puritans declined the overture of the disaffected for a *mutual* Council, and planted themselves on their ultimate right, as Christians and Congregationalists, to manage their affairs without intervention from any quarter? They knew that, upon the point most vital in their estimation, viz.: *the retention of Dr. Cheever as their pastor*, the ministers and Churches were strongly prejudiced against them and predisposed to side with the wealthy minority. They understood right well that they could have little chance for justice at the hands of a body thus constituted, and to be managed by such unscrupulous wire-workers as Doctors Thompson and Bacon, who were watching for an opportunity to bring the whole power of the denomination to bear against Dr. Cheever for his removal. They knew, in short, that they could have no more hope for a fair hearing before such a body than the Unionists had in the Virginia Convention after the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the President's call for Northern troops to put down the rebellion. Having made up their minds, on principle, to stand for the freedom of the pulpit and an uncompromising Christianity, as represented by Dr. Cheever, they did not intend to come under the yoke which the editors of *The Independent* were so anxious to lay upon their necks, but to manage their Church affairs without foreign intervention.

The Council, after listening for several days to the partisan statements of the "aggrieved minority"—("aggrieved" only because the friends of Dr. Cheever in the Church and Society had outvoted them)—came to a unanimous "Result," which has found its way to the public in *The Journal of Commerce* and *The Independent*, two journals which, like Pilate and Herod, are made one in a common hostility to Dr. Cheever. The Council assure us, in stereotyped clerical phrase, that they came to their "Result" only "after a full, deliberate, and prayerful examination of the subject-matter submitted to them." Of course; who ever knew an ecclesiastical body to reach a result in any other than a "prayerful" manner? A body of politicians might not have been able to examine a subject "fully" without hearing both sides, but these clergymen and their lay associates march straight to their conclusions without the least difficulty, and announce them with an oracularness that is quite refreshing. The sins of the Church of the Puritans are set forth in twenty specifications, carefully worded so as to conceal, as far as possible, the primary question at issue between the friends and the opponents of Dr. Cheever. One half of these specifications relate directly to the "British Mission," so called—in other words, to the efforts of Dr. Cheever and his friends to obtain funds from Great Britain. We don't wonder that the wealthy minority were annoyed and offended to find their nice little scheme for "starving Dr. Cheever out" thus effectually baffled; but really we think sensible men will be slow to deny that if wealthy members of a Church withhold their contributions for its support, or threaten to do so, in order to drive off a faithful minister, the poorer members, constituting the majority, have a right to appeal for aid to those who, in foreign lands, may be presumed to be friendly to their objects. The attempt of the Council to cast censure on the Church of the Puritans on this account is simply ridiculous, and the pretence that any improper concealment was practised in the case rests only upon partisan testimony.

One of the charges against the Church is in the following words:

"That the Church have allowed tests to be used in admitting members other than those affecting the Christian character of the applicants, with the avowed purpose of constituting, not a simple Church of Christ, but an organization which should sustain certain men and measures."

The simple truth in the matter is this, viz., that the wealthy minority, seeing that their project for starving out Dr. Cheever was likely to fail, formed a plan for introducing into the Church a sufficient number of his opponents to vote him down. The first candidate thus offered, on being asked if she was attracted to the Church because she liked the pastor and wanted to support him against those who were seeking to remove him on account of his preaching against slavery, replied that she had not made up her mind on that point; whereupon she was advised to postpone her application for membership until she could decide the question. A very sensible piece of advice, as every candid person must admit. The idea that a Church is bound to receive members offered for the very purpose of voting away the pastor of its choice is too preposterous to need refutation.

Here is another charge:

"That the Church has allowed its officers, members and committees, to represent that all who, for any cause, objected to the course of the majority, were prompted by pro-slavery sentiments, though this was repeatedly and constantly denied by them, and contradicted by their antecedents and present position on that subject."

This is a mere play upon words. Of the whole "aggrieved minority" there is not one who was not aiming at the removal of Dr. Cheever, mainly, if not exclusively, on account of the style of his preaching against slavery; and this, in view of all the circumstances, the Church regarded as practical pro-slavery. This, under all disguises, has been the only question at issue, though the Council found it convenient to ignore the vital fact.

But we cannot spare room to traverse the whole list of charges against the Church of the Puritans. We must, however, record the sentence pronounced by the *ex-parte* judges:

"We see but one course left for our Churches. We must withdraw from this Church which has virtually withdrawn from us. We must not allow ourselves to be held responsible any longer for the conduct of a Church which rejects our principles, spurns our advice, and refuses to redress the grievances of brethren whom we honor and love.

"We, therefore, recommend to the Churches of the Congregational order that, in such way as shall be accordant with the principles of our platforms and usages, they withdraw from the Church of the Puritans the fellowship of the Churches, until it shall recede from its present position and give evidence of a return to the spirit of Christ and to the order of the Congregational Churches.

"In respect to the aggrieved members the Council do, notwithstanding the action of the Church of the Puritans, recognize them as worthy members of the body of Christ; and recommend that, with others who may associate with them, they either be constituted in due form a distinct Church, or received into sister Churches, as they shall prefer. And the scribe of this Council is hereby authorized to give certificates of good standing to such of them as shall apply to him for the same previous to December 1, 1861."

After reading this impotent edict of a conclave of little "parish popes," who are constrained to confess that they have only power to announce "opinions" and give "advice," we are tempted to exclaim:

"Alas! in hoof and horns and features,
How different" this *Ex-Parte* "bull
From him who thunders from St. Peter's."

Our readers have heard the story of the young pugilist who, on being worsted in a fight, vented his impotent rage in the exclamation: "Well, if I can't lick *you*, I can make up mouths at your *sister*." The enemies of Dr. Cheever, defeated in the attempt to drive him from his pulpit, will doubtless find a malicious pleasure in "making up mouths" at his faithful Church, and shaking over it the rod of ecclesiastical proscription; but their denunciations, framed in partisan conclave and founded in misrepresentation, will have small weight in public estimation.

It would be strange indeed, if the Church of the Puritans, in all its "perils among false brethren," and during its long struggle with the hosts which, armed with all the appliances of wealth and social and ecclesiastical power, have beleagured it on every side, had taken no wrong step, giving occasion to itself for regret and repentance; but having watched its proceedings very carefully in the light of those principles of religious liberty with which, under the name of Congregationalism, we have been familiar from childhood, we are prepared to express our deliberate conviction that, so far from deserving the censures which the "*Ex-Parte* Council," after solemnly brooding over the partisan statements of its enemies, have bestowed upon it, has erred only in being too lenient in its dealings with the faction that has disturbed its peace. It ought, long since, to have expelled that faction, in the most summary manner, for the slanders it has heaped upon Dr. Cheever, at home and abroad, if for nothing else. That it has not done so is proof, we think, of unusual forbearance.

Why is it that men who, professing to be anti-slavery, can yet live in open fellowship with the Adamses, Lords, Springs and Van Dykes, who prostitute the Bible to the support of slavery, are so ready to join in a conspiracy against Dr. Cheever, whose only offence is that he is an uncompromising Abolitionist? The answer to this question will reveal the true character and position of the popular American Church and Ministry in regard to slavery.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1861.

ONE of the most curious sights, which the camp life around Washington presents to the eye, is the number of free colored men who have followed the regiments from the North, as cooks and servants. The Connecticut regiments have several colored men along, and two of them brought their wives with them. These persons are excellent cooks, and add much to the comfort of the troops. I asked one lusty fellow if he was not afraid that Jeff. Davis would catch and hang him. "No," he replied, "Jeff. Davis never'll hang a man worth $1,500!" "But may be he will sell you into slavery." "No—not one bit afraid of that. But let *him* keep a look-out for *his* negroes. If we don't hang Jeff. Davis, perhaps we will set some of his slaves free." There are enough free colored people attached to the volunteer army to whisper some strange things into the ears of the slaves when our army gets over the Potomac! There are people simple enough to suppose that when the war has begun in earnest—when some of the Jeff. Davis privateers have taken some of our merchant ships—we shall hesitate to strike a blow at the enemy's weakest side; but I am not of that number. Men may talk *now* as they please; but this is to be a fierce, unrelenting war, if there is to be any war at all. The Southern troops will fight desperately, and they will resort to individual acts of cruelty which will curdle the blood. This is the very nature of Southern men. And the colder Northern nature will be set on fire by these outrages, and when on fire, the slavemasters of the South will find no hesitation, no weak sentiment indulged in respecting the horrors of insurrection. The slaveholders will be put under foot, and the most available means will be used to strike terror to their hearts.

There is considerable anxiety here respecting the course which the British government will pursue towards the slaveholding conspiracy against our liberties. Lord John Russell's speech in Parliament is exceedingly unsatisfactory. There can be but one interpretation of his declaration, that the rebels would be "recognized as belligerents." That simply means that Great Britain will recognize the right of the Jeff. Davis clique to issue letters of marque and reprisal, and that prizes may be sold in English ports. This opens up a vast field of piracy, and all that the slaveholders of the South may strike a blow at our commerce! If the English people, for the sake of cotton or gold, will submit to such a policy on the part of their government, then it only shows that their anti-slavery is bogus. It won't stand the test of sacrifice. We all know how easy it is for a man here to condemn British oppression in India or China. Possibly a great deal of the English talk against American slavery has been of this character. *We are soon to see.* Certain it is, that if England, for the sake of her interest in slave-grown cotton, will refuse us her sympathies in this hour of tremendous trial—when the real issue involved is liberty or slavery—she will not only forever lose all influence over the free States, but will be regarded with loathing and contempt. To put the question of free trade by the side of the monstrous issue involved in our struggle with the slaveholding rebels is a crime in itself. This the London *Times* does already. To give any sympathy to the rebels is a suicidal policy to Great Britain. If she were to succeed in securing the independence of the Southern Confederacy, it is by no means impossible that the free States might eventually—discouraged by the treacherous conduct of England—consent to a reunion with the slave States for the purpose of constructing a strong government, able and anxious to cope with England when she is engaged in a struggle with her foes or subjects.

But further advices must bring us explanations which will put this whole matter beyond the range of speculation. I have alluded to it because I know the subject has received the close attention of the government. There is not the slightest fear of the immediate recognition of the rebel government, and it is beyond question that the sympathies of the English people are with us—but the course of the government is not settled, or at least not known here.

There is a good deal of curiosity to know something of the plans of the rebels. The scouts and exiles who come in from the slave States bring conflicting reports of the purposes of the rebel government. Some of the reports very positively assert that Jeff. Davis means to attack Washington—that he has never relinquished that idea—and that an immense number of troops are concentrated on the line of railroads which lead direct to the Capital. Other reports are equally positive that the rebels mean to act on the defensive—that they are fully aware of the folly of attempting to cross the Potomac, and will not venture to do so. It is undoubtedly true that rebel troops, to the number of fifty thousand, could soon be brought near to Washington. But is it in the power of Jeff. Davis to feed and properly care for fifty thousand men in one place for a single week? That is the troublesome point with him and his Generals. They talk largely about raising an army of one hundred thousand men, but how can they provide for the wants of such an army? They cannot do it; and this is their weak point. The South has men enough to make a great war, if she only had the money—the wealth—to carry it on. She lacks "the sinews of war," and must soon succumb. Gentlemen who arrive here from the slave States represent the condition of things all over the South as deplorable. There is universal prostration of business, scarcity of provisions, and a constant fear of an insurrection among the slaves. The newspapers endeavor to conceal the real state of things, for fear the Northern people will discover the weakness of the South and become still more confident than they are at present. The best advices from almost every section of Virginia represent the Secessionists as being greatly alarmed, in spite of their game of brag; and ex-Governor Smith of that State, who was here a few days ago, was very much changed in his manners and tone from last winter. He is now a straight-out Secessionist, but, like the Baltimore *Sun*, begs for peace. "Let us alone," said he, "and we will let you alone." A Western member of Congress replied, very promptly, "We shan't let you alone till you behave, and, for one, I give you fair notice that if you persist in standing out against the government, I am going to do my best to wipe out the cause of all this trouble—slavery!" Smith winced at this, yet boasted of the confidence he reposed in his slaves. "Why," said he, "I sleep every night with my bedroom door unlocked." "You won't," replied the Western member, "after one of our armies quarters in your town."

General Butler is winning a brilliant reputation in this region by his energy and boldness. His occupation of the Relay and Baltimore have already given him renown. But he has not seen any fighting yet. That will try him, and he is soon to have a taste of gunpowder. He will doubtless be sent to Fortress Monroe, to lead on the troops in land operations outside the fort. This will be a very dangerous and difficult business. Butler has infinite pluck, and is ready for it. Let no one be alarmed for fear he will allow his pro-slavery notions to control his action when he gets to fighting. A man of his temperament will strike hard blows and aim at brilliant results. He cannot do this without making use of all the means within his reach. If freeing slaves, or allowing the terrors of a slave insurrection to overrun an enemy's territory, will help his cause, Ben. Butler isn't the man to say "Nay." He will have his triumph, *at whatever cost!*

General Ashley, of Ohio, in a speech last winter in Congress, said some of the best things in reference to what is happening now in this country that I have seen. Let me cite a passage:

"Mr. Chairman, all governments must, from the very nature of the case, use force to execute their executive, legislative, and judicial decrees, if resisted. This is a power inseparable from all governments. If the city of New York, to-day, by the unanimous voice of her citizens, were to declare herself a sovereign and independent city, and set up a government of her own, put the authority of the Federal and State governments at defiance, and collect and appropriate all the revenue derived from duties on imports, thus cutting off more than half the entire revenue of the National government, does any sane man suppose for a moment that this government would tolerate it? By no means. If it became necessary to subdue her, the government would lay the entire city in ruins. Martial law would be declared, a blockade proclaimed, the property of all rebels confiscated, and the leading traitors hanged or shot. The city of New York contains nearly a million of inhabitants—almost, if not quite, four times the number of whites in South Carolina—and, I believe, more wealth than any one Southern State, unless it be Virginia. The people living in the city of New York have just the same right to declare themselves out of the Union that the people of any one or more of the Southern States have—no more, no less. And that right is the inherent right of revolution. The government, once involved in war, in its efforts to enforce the laws and put down rebellion, could know no rule but success. A blockade, martial law, the confiscation of all property, real and personal, of the insurgents, the execution of all the leading rebels, and the *removal, by force, if necessary, of the cause that produced the rebellion.*"

The best part of it is the closing sentence—is it not?

AVON.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1861.

I AM induced to write to you by a note just received from our common friend, ROBERT PURVIS. While watching at the bedside of his eldest son—who lies dangerously ill of hemorrhage from the lungs—our friend does not fail to note, through the papers which reach him, the signs of the times. He is cheered with the prospect. His heart rises above the domestic trouble through which he is passing, and rejoices in the result which he foresees as the certain consequence of our national conflict. He says:

"It is midnight; and I take an opportunity from the bedside of my son to say that my heart frees itself from the cares that would otherwise oppress it, in the belief that the certain, the *inevitable* end of the war now going on, will be the destruction of the Infernal System. On this point I have no doubt. The annoyances naturally occasioned by such exhibitions of Northern subserviency as that of General Butler, in his uncalled-for offer to suppress slave insurrections, and that ascribed to Gen. Patterson in contemptuously declining an offer of colored volunteers—these annoyances, irritating and depressing as they are, are forgotten when the mind, rising above the present and peering into the future, rejoices in the enjoyment of privileges and blessings long withheld—in the rights and immunities of a conceded equal manhood.

"How pitiable is the conduct of those in authority who reject the proffered services of colored men in the contest now occupying the attention of the people! Loyalty and unswerving devotion to the interests of this country, in war and in peace, have ever characterized the conduct of colored Americans. In the Revolutionary war, the first blood shed in the cause of independence was that of a black man. In the war of 1812, when Philadelphia was threatened, after the capture of Washington, none were more forward to enrol themselves as soldiers, and none labored with more patriotic devotion in throwing up earth-works of defence against the apprehended enemy, than the colored people of that city. My honored father-in-law, the late James Forten, used to narrate, with glowing feelings, stories of the courage and patriotism of the colored people in the revolutionary struggle. He, as you know, was a soldier and a prisoner of war in that contest. With others of his race, while yet a youth, he enlisted, and on board the Royal Lewis, Stephen Decatur commanding, did good service and a full hand's duty. He was for seven months a prisoner on board the Old Jersey prison-ship. What is true of him, as to

have made haste to tender their services to unwilling authorities; but the great body have held themselves in dignified and self-respectful reserve. Not that they would not be willing to rush into the thickest of the fight, if they could do so in a common cause and under a common banner; but they are not invited, and they decline to obtrude themselves. They bide their time, quietly waiting for the exigency that will bring them into requisition.

There are black men in these Northern States who are without peers in their ability to render certain kinds of military service. They are stalwart, fearless, and glowing with an unquenchable hatred of their life-long enemy. They know every mountain pass, every swamp recess, and every forest hiding-place. They are proof against miasm and pestilence. They know the way, in the darkest night, to the homes of their masters and the throats of their old oppressors. If these be qualifications for effective service in the war now waging, the colored refugees in the North are the men from whom to make enlistments.

An impression prevails, and is willingly entertained, that John Brown, Jr., and others with whom his name has been identified, are organizing and drilling with a view to a guerilla warfare on the Southern borders. I am assured, by a gentleman intimate personally with Mr. Brown, and cognizant of his movements and of the feelings and intentions of leading men of that class, that there is no just ground for this impression. At this gentleman's last advices, Mr. Brown was at home with his family in Ohio, pursuing his usual peaceful avocations. He and his friends, there and elsewhere, are willing that General Scott should have an undivided field, and that the war should be managed exclusively by those duly authorized to carry it on. The "John Brown men," as a certain class are called, in common with the Abolitionists generally, are contemplating no raids and meditating no warlike incursions. They are unwilling to do anything likely to produce a diversion of feeling at the North, or to embarrass or complicate the operations of the War Department at the South. They will let things take their natural course. If insurrections arise—and what can prevent them?—they will come, not from the interference of Northern Abolitionists, but from the reckless madness of Southern Secessionists.

Nevertheless, a note-worthy sign of the times is the manifest desire of a very large portion of our most conservative people at the North to hear of a slave insurrection. "Don't you think the slaves will rise?"—"Shall we not soon have a slave insurrection?"—are questions which are daily asked us, sometimes by gentle ladies, sometimes by quiet men of business, the tone and manner in all cases indicating that the wish is father to the thought. And though it might embarrass the Administration, nothing would please a majority of the people of the North more than to hear that John Brown, Jr., and his Kansas compatriots, black and white, had taken the field, and that the slaves were arming themselves with scythes and butcher-knives for an onslaught upon their masters. "I will give," said a gentleman the other day, standing near the spot where I am now writing, "twenty thousand dollars to aid John Brown, Jr., in the work which I hear he has undertaken, of organizing a body of guerillas for a raid into Virginia." He meant all he said. I know the man. He has both the will and the means; and Mr. Brown, if he should see this, would do well to note the circumstance. The time may come when it will stand him in good stead.

The belief so confidently expressed by Mr. Purvis, that this war is to put a term to slavery, seems to me well founded. What are the facts? The Slave Power, as a "power," is at an end; its sceptre has departed. Slavery at the South has been indebted for its existence to the connivance and support of the North. But the North has no longer any motive for continuing to sustain the system. Politically it brings defeat; commercially, bankruptcy. Slavery must henceforth stand on its own merits. But it has no merits. Having nothing, therefore, to stand on, it must fail. Intelligent men at the North, in the South, *and in the Cabinet at Washington*, say that this war *inevitably* dooms the slave system. As to the exact how and the precise when, these are points about which we need not now stop to speculate. Let the fact once be settled as a matter of public conviction, and it will not be long till it becomes a matter of practical reality. This is a fast age, and we are a rapid people. We discount everything we see. We anticipate every event, no matter how far in the future, as soon as its happening becomes a certainty. That is, we instantly shape our affairs in advance to suit the new state of things to come. For instance: to-day business is prostrate and commerce is at a stand-still. Let it be made susceptible of demonstration that peace will be declared at any given time in the future—say by the 1st of June, 1862—and *instantly* the hum of industry and the buzz of trade are renewed, prices rise at the stock board, and cheerfulness takes the place of commercial gloom. We discount the foreseen event on the spot.

So when the approaching event of emancipation comes near enough to be within measuring distance, it will be anticipated, and, with one leap, confronted. Satisfy the people that slavery will be abolished in twenty years, and they will act as though it were to be abolished in twenty days.

Fugitive slaves are now passing through our borders unchallenged; not many—owing, doubtless, to the difficulty of crossing the lines—but enough to test the temper of the people. The slave-catcher's occupation is gone. Mr. Millward, our new Marshal, will probably find his place, so far as the Fugitive Slave law is concerned, a sinecure. I doubt if even Jenkins or Sharkey could be induced now to arrest a runaway slave. To be sure, the infamous enactment still stands, as does the clause in the Constitution on which it was based; but acts and articles are of no force in a free country against the consciences and the will of the people. Public sentiment decides in all such cases. The will makes the way.

What a pitiable spectacle does England present, in the attitude of her newspaper press and her leading statesmen, toward the Southern Confederates! She that used to reproach us of the North for criminal subserviency, now going further in her sordid sympathies with the cotton-planters than we—without greater temptation—would have done in the worst days of our degeneracy!

When, in the Sepoy rebellion, John Mitchel and a few others of his ilk in this country expressed sympathy with the barbarian rebels, they were silenced by the simultaneous denunciations of the whole people. Yet now, when a more causeless rebellion is organized by a baser people for a still baser purpose, the London *Times* leans kindly toward its leaders, and Lord John Russell talks oracularly of their "rights" as "belligerents." Such is the power of cotton. Manchester mills must be supplied, and, till new fields are opened, terms must be kept with the slaveholding barbarians. Yankee meanness is bad enough, but this sordid baseness of England—all things considered—beats it hollow. I had hoped that there would be virtue enough in that country to treat Mr. Yancey as the men in Barclay and Perkins's brewery treated the *Austrian* woman-whipper, but that hope I now give up. M.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The following table, compiled from the Census returns, shows the number of slaves that escaped from the several States during the decade ending with 1860, compared with the number that fled in the previous ten years:

	Census of 1850.			Census of 1860.		
States.	*Slaves....*	*Fugitives*	*One in...*	*Slaves....*	*Fugitives*	*One in...*
Alabama	342,844	29	11,822	435,132	36	12,087
Arkansas	47,100	21	2,224	111,104	28	3,968
Delaware	2,290	26	88	1,798	12	150
Florida	39,310	18	2,184	61,753	11	5,614
Georgia	381,682	89	4,288	462,230	23	20,096
Kentucky	210,981	96	2,198	225,490	119	1,895
Louisiana	244,809	90	2,720	332,520	46	7,228
Maryland	90,368	279	324	87,188	115	758
Mississippi	309,878	41	7,558	436,696	68	6,422
Missouri	87,422	60	1,457	114,965	99	1,161
North Carolina	288,548	64	4,508	331,108	61	5,263
South Carolina	384,984	16	24,061	402,541	23	17,501
Tennessee	239,459	70	3,421	275,784	29	9,509
Texas	58,161	29	2,005	180,388	16	11,274
Virginia	472,528	83	5,693	490,887	117	4,195
	3,200,364	1,011	3,165	3,949,557	803	4,918

The falling off in the last decade *may* be owing to the imperfection of the returns; but if not, it is doubtless to be ascribed in part to the operation of the Fugitive Slave law, and in part to the fact that the slave population near the line of Mason and Dixon was much less numerous during the latter than in the former period.

THE paper on "Bonapartism," on the fourth page, is a faithful portrait of the present Monarch of France.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

DOINGS OF THE ANTI-CHEEVER "EX-PARTE COUNCIL."

Set forth in Rhyme, by A YOUNG PURITAN.

At Clinton Hall, five days, in thought profound,
A weighty Council sat in order round;
They sat together anxious and distressed,
Weighed down with heavy cares and much oppressed.
Declare, oh, muse! what Council this may be,
Who are the councillors and what their plea.
"Ex-Parte" is the Council's Latin name;
The English of it I shall now proclaim.
Or, rather, by my verse you soon shall know,
What name your judgment on it would bestow.
The councillors are clergymen of note,
Gathered from distant States, to give their vote
On the grave question, Did that Church do right—
That Church that is forever in a fight—
In the suspension, summary and bold,
Of six poor sheep from their accustomed fold?
And to consider other matters, too,
Grievances manifold, both old and new.

'Twas Thursday when this weighty Council met,
And first, according to the alphabet,
They call the roll, and with one voice decide
That Sturtevant as Chairman shall preside.
Then from his seat a member, rising slow,
Addressed the Chair and said, "I want to know
Whether this Council, by their conversation,
Intend to slander Cheever's reputation."
This question brought great Bacon to his feet,
Who said: "Why, think you, did this Council meet,
If not to throw contempt on Cheever's name,
And rob him of his great and mighty fame,
Which, if not checked, will soon o'erwhelm us all,
E'en us who sit to-day within this hall?"
He ceased, and other members gave their views;
They talk at once, and the whole room confuse.
At length they all agree that their true plan
Is to attack the Church, and thus the man.
Even proud Bacon was of this convinced,
Although to yield his point he greatly winced.
Thus the first day was brought unto a close,
And till the morrow they in peace repose.

They met again: the question was announced,
When up in haste some half a dozen bounced,
But far before the rest a female tall,
Whose voice, raised high, at once arrested all.
'Twas even she who, marvellous to say,
Not long before to England bent her way,
To aid that Church she now would fain destroy,
And drive the pastor off with secret joy.
In her right hand she held a pamphlet large,
In which was written many a heavy charge.
Holding it up, she begged, with pleading look,
That some one in the room would read her book.
With generous warmth the reverend Bacon said,
"Although I have not your long pamphlet read,
I know it's to the point; so give it me,
And I will read it to the company."
He spoke—the whole assembly were agreed.
Taking the book, he then began to read:
But such a mixture ne'er was heard before,
Of grievances and losses, whims, and more
Than I can rightly put into my rhyme,
E'en though I labored at it all the time.
The worthy Council soon began to tire,
And one old member thus expressed his ire:
"Chairman," he said, "I beg you'll stop that book,
For, really, sir, its length I cannot brook."
Another cried, "Bacon! go on! go on!
Though it is long, it will in time be done."
Bacon looked puzzled, yet to stop the row,
"Chairman," he cries, "I'll finish it, I vow."
The Chairman acquiesced—on Bacon went,
And the old member did at last relent.
An hour had passed, on went the reading still,
While groans and cries and yawns the hall did fill.
At length the tedious pamphlet reached its close,
The Doctor sat, and half a dozen rose.
Then the discussion did at length begin;
But first 'twas mooted who the floor should win.
For here stood Abernethy—there stood Ball,
Here Harvey, Phelps, and White—there Blackmer tall.
First Harvey gained the floor, and soon began
A tirade on the pastor, worthy man.
"He is a pope, a perfect pope," he said,
"And all his Church is by his dictates led.
Chairman, I can't endure him—no, I can't,
And what is more, I never shall—I shan't!"
With this emphatic word he closed his speech,
And forthwith the suspended brethren, each,
Declared his tale of grievances and wrong,
All which the Council pondered, deep and long.
And after this, one of the Council said:
"I've heard, or in the papers I have read,
That you have tried the building to secure:
How is that now? pray tell me, are you sure?"
At this, shrewd Chester rose, appearing sad;
"Could we but get it, would we not be glad?
But, ah!" he said, "that troublous Dr. Hartt,
And Fairbank, Noyes, and Gilbert are too smart.
Our foes have formed a firm, united band,
And all the offices are in their hand.
We've tried and toiled and hoped, and hoped again,
But all our labors are forever vain."
At this poor Abernethy gave a groan,
And wealthy Rigney answered with a moan.
The worthy Bacon next obtained the floor,
And spoke for two long weary hours or more.
Said he: "Hear, all that sit within this hall,
That Cheever's Church is not a Church at all.
You are the Church, e'en you they did suspend,
On you the hopes of Zion still depend.
Form, then, a Church yourselves, and take the name
Of Puritans, and let it be your aim
To find a good, conservative old man,
To preach to you as *smoothly* as he can.
Do this, and to the Council leave the rest,
And you shall find that all is for the best."
With such like counsels Bacon cheered their hearts,
For he was skilled in all these little arts.
Now when the shades of evening gathered round,
And no decision had the Council found,
Each one was asked his views upon the case,
And quickly answered with unblushing face,
That the minority might well complain
That the majority oft caused them pain.
When this was done, they appointed a Committee,
Composed of men shrewd, cunning, sharp and witty,
Whose business was to frame the grand decision,
With wisdom fraught and powerful erudition.
Then, on a motion made and carried yea,
They adjourned to meet again the following day.

Saturday came. The weighty Council met,
Although the day was cloudy, dark and wet.
Throughout the day the Conference went on,
But as I have already given one,
I pass it over with the single thought,
That all their talking did amount to nought.
The great Committee being unprepared,
The Board adjourned, and to their homes repaired.

On Monday they again appeared in state,
The Committee's great decision to await;
But as 'tis proper that the truth be told,
One Cobb, of Syracuse, a layman bold,
Appeared not with them, but aside withdrew,
Disgusted with the course they did pursue.
The doings of this day are hid from us;
The way 'twas brought about was simply thus:
The Council, feeling that their acts were base,
Ordered that all outsiders leave the place,
Then closed the pond'rous doors with bolt and bar,
To keep out all intruders distant far.
'Twas Thompson first this bright idea caught,
And straightway to accomplish it he sought.
Said he: "If these reporters here should stay,
We know not what the newspapers might say;
Sure will they be our terms to misapply,
And fail our holy motives to descry—
Our *animus* they never will perceive,
And all the world their falsehoods will believe.
Close then the doors, and keep a watchful guard,
Lest they our high commands should disregard."
Then might be seen a hurrying to and fro,
The people all with the reporters go.
Soon they are out, and the great doors are closed,
The mighty Council then in peace reposed.
Now a thick curtain veils from human eyes
Both the great Council and what they devise:
So my poor pen in doubt and blindness goes,
For what they're doing now no mortal knows.
One thing I know, and that I will relate,
That the Committee made them longer wait.
For no decision did they find that night,
And so they all adjourned in sorry plight.

On Tuesday the grave Council reunite,
And to their task they go with all their might.
When the Committee rose and gave the clerk
Their great decision, their laborious work.
The clerk then, rising, stood before them all,
And read full twenty charges, great and small.
The first referred to hated British gold,
A story which by this time has grown old.
But know, that when its members cease to give,
The Church must starve or seek some means to live.
Again, they said the Church had once abused
A lady whose admittance they refused.
When asked if she the pastor would uphold,
She said, "I do not know—time will unfold."
Then said the Church, not to their duty blind,
"Wait, then, until you have made up your mind."
Another charge referred to the admission
Of Mr. Hall without his foes' permission.
But no complaint against him could they find,
Except that he with others had combined
To thwart the lawless schemes of Smith and White,
And their "Lecomptonism" drag to light.
Another grave and pond'rous charge they brought,
For Abernethy had in vain besought
A trial from the Church, his name to clear,
But this request the Church refused to hear,
Until the pastor, who was then away,
Should come to controvert what he might say.
In view of this the trial was postponed,
Which act the great Committee much bemoaned.
Then came that charge, the gravest of them all,
That charge which hastened the momentous call
Of the great Council, that the Church had dared
To cut off six old members, unprepared,
Without a trial, which was their just due,
Although the Church their duty fully knew.
But these six worthy gentlemen were they
Who labored earnestly, both night and day,
Their pastor good and true to overthrow,
And thus to abolition give a blow.
Such was the tenor of the charges all—
Their magnitude the Council did appall.
Then came the great decision, much desired,
Whose long delay the weighty Council tired.
The clerk proceeds; he scarce can read it right,
His great excitement quite o'ercomes his sight.
He reads; the whole assembly are intent,
And in their eagerness each head is bent.
"Hear the decision," then the Clerk exclaims,
"Prepared by men of honorable names:
No more shall Cheever's Church with us unite—
Let it be banished ever from our sight,
From the whole body which we represent,
Until the day on which it shall repent.
Let this decision be proclaimed to all
The Churches represented in this hall,
That they may ratify our sentence just,
Which they will do, we humbly hope and trust.
And as for you, ye six suspended men,
Your number shall be raised to ten times ten,
And you shall form a Church which soon shall vie
With the proud Puritans whom you defy.
A pastor good and true you shall obtain,
Instead of Cheever, who has grown insane."
The Council then their joint assent declare,
And from their minds dismiss a heavy care,
While from the hall they to their homes repair.

Rejoice, oh muse! and sing with greatest joy,
And let thy pleasure be without alloy.
The great decision is at length pronounced,
And to the world it freely is announced.
No war or bloodshed does its path attend,
Neither do thunders roar, nor earthquakes rend.
The sun yet brightly shines within the sky,
And the pale moon delights the gazer's eye.
The Church still stands, the bulwark of the State,
And for their pastor true his people wait.
It stands, as ever, full on Union Square,
Defying threats, which are but empty air.
Long may it stand, o'ercoming every foe;
I feel within me that it must be so!

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON receiving the last issue of THE STANDARD, I was much gratified to see it again without a display of the stars and stripes. Since first introduced to the anti-slavery cause, I have looked to THE STANDARD as one of the "fixed stars" of the moral firmament, shedding an undeviating, unchanging light, affording no uncertain illumination of the "straight and narrow way" of moral duty, unaffected by popular outbursts of feeling or the unrighteous decrees of majorities. The stars, united with the significant stripes, as I have endeavored to look upon them from the slave's point of observation, have given forth no less certainly the red light of blood and oppression,

When the "works" done under the stars and stripes have been "meet for repentance," when the yet unhallowed banner has been cleansed and purified from the blood and iniquities of relentless oppression, and the flag has thus been raised up to the level of, and made fit to appear in THE STANDARD, I shall be most heartily rejoiced to bid it welcome there, and to adopt it as emblematic of impartial liberty. To do this sooner would seem to me to be premature. Such, it strikes me, was Wendell Phillips's and THE STANDARD's recognition of the yet slaveholding and slave-hunting banner.

As one of the results of a prolonged war between the North and the South, will undoubtedly be witnessed the liberation of most or all of the conquered nation's slaves. But the end has not yet been reached. Nor, with the intention of abolition, has a beginning been made. Another truce, involving still another quarter of a century's security to slavery for the Union men of some or all of the slave-owning States, is neither impossible nor perhaps improbable.

Be the future as it may, shame on the flag, while colored men of the free States and the Canadas are rudely driven from its standard; while slaves at the South are not only not allowed its protection, but, as we are assured by President Lincoln, Commander-in-chief, and officially all along down to General Butler, are still to be securely held in the South and efficiently hunted in the North! Let not such a banner, yet thrice accursed, float over our camp as uncompromising Abolitionists, and let us withhold no word of encouragement for the right or criticism of the wrong while the conflict continues. AARON M. POWELL.

Ghent, N. Y., May 13, 1861.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

It seems to us not a little surprising that any Abolitionist should have failed to perceive, as by an infallible instinct, the meaning of the American flag in these columns, placed as it was under the motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Still more strange does it appear that any one acquainted with the history of this journal should for a moment infer, from a display of the stars and stripes, thus conspicuously qualified, that we were in danger of forgetting the principles we were set to defend—that it was necessary gravely to remind us that those principles had not yet been accepted by the government, that the slaves were still in their chains and in need of our unflinching and uncompromising advocacy. So far from this, we were never more keenly alive to those principles, and never more anxious to honor them before the nation, than in that very act. It seemed to us a fortunate time and a most effective way to set them before the gaze of the whole people, by a symbolism which neither friends nor foes could misinterpret. At the moment when the Northern people were rushing into deadly conflict with the slave oligarchy, and when we had their attention as never before, we said, by that expressive device of the flag and its accompanying mottoes: "Hear us, O our countrymen! As you go into the battle; *make* your flag the symbol of liberty for the imbruted slaves, and see to it, when the war is over, that under its folds no bondman shall ever clank his chain! Do this, and we, whom you have accounted fanatics and reckless agitators, will join in your shouts over a nation redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled." This is what we meant—no more, no less; and the flag was removed, *according to our original intention*, before we heard an objection from any quarter. Our opponents, we think, did not misunderstand us; that any of our friends should have done so excites surprise no less than regret.

WHAT WILL ENGLAND DO?

From The Tribune.

SOME anxiety undoubtedly is felt respecting the part which England may take in our American conflict.

Two or three times motions on the subject in the House of Commons noticed for particular days have been postponed, doubtless from a desire to hear more and later news from this side before entering upon a discussion which will be watched here with jealous interest.

Mr. Adams, our new minister to England, will arrive, it may be reasonably presumed, before this discussion is undertaken. His instructions, and the yet more significant instruction of the magnificent uprising of the free States in support of their government and in vindication of their insulted flag, will, it may not be doubted, greatly modify the tone of that discussion.

Respecting the instructions to Mr. Adams, it is not mere conjecture when we assume that they will be as explicit as those to Mr. Dayton, which have been published, in declaring that under no possible circumstances will this nation consent to any separation of the Union, or severance of its territory, or rejection of its authority. Mr. Adams will declare distinctly that any recognition by the British government, official or unofficial, of any person purporting in any way to represent the Southern Confederacy, will be esteemed such an offence as to require him immediately to demand his passports and retire, and to cause his passports to be sent to the British minister at Washington: further, that any offer by Great Britain of mediation between this government and its rebellious citizens would be resented as an affront; and, finally, that such ground will be taken respecting privateers and letters of marque as to make it sure that Great Britain will neither open her ports to the private filibusters of Mr. Jefferson Davis, nor give them any countenance.

The proclamation about to be issued by England at the moment of the departure of the Persia is in perfect harmony with this view, and it may be taken for granted, as it seems to us, without any violent assumption, that neither the principles, the sympathies, nor the interests of England will allow her to interpose in any manner in behalf of a band of conspirators, whose only bond of cohesion is slavery and the propagation of slavery.

Though cotton has overlaid conscience in too many American bosoms, the people of England—outside of Manchester, at least—are free from this corruption, and no Ministry could stand an hour that should venture to make common cause with, or even show ordinary courtesy to, such a Confederacy as that of Jefferson Davis.

England, then, we answer, will do nothing but abide the event, using all efforts, meanwhile, to supply herself with cotton from elsewhere.

OBITUARY.

From The Old Colony (Plymouth, Mass.) Memorial, May 11.

DEATH OF ICHABOD MORTON, ESQ.

THE decease of this well known townsman occurred at his late residence yesterday morning at about 2 o'clock. His sickness, congestion of the lungs, was of but a few days' duration, and his death has probably taken most of our community by surprise. His age was 71 years.

In the decease of Mr. Morton we have lost one of those few persons among us who have been in active life more than the period of a generation. He will be missed—greatly missed. Indeed, we know of few persons in town who would be more so. During a long life he has been a hard-working, honest man, sincerely devoted to his business, and to every good enterprise; and success has generally crowned his labors. He was one of the first movers in the temperance cause, and at considerable sacrifice continued its faithful friend to the end. In the cause of education, he labored early, faithfully, and long.

Hon. Horace Mann, in one of his Reports, speaks of him as one of his most devoted and efficient helpers in improving the condition of the common schools in this State. In this town he always insisted upon making the education of our children and youth an object second to no other; and it is to him, in connection with others, that we are largely indebted for the present excellent condition of our schools.

HYMN.

TO I. M.

He dreamed that Heaven should come to Earth,
And ceaseless toiled, the day to view,
O'erborne, he sank before its birth,
And lo! to him the dream is true.
O weary heart! O weary hand!
No more the anxious strife renew—
A Power above the vision planned,
And Heaven on earth is come to you!

Sweet May returns: with leaf and flower
The garden of his love expands.
Rewarding Autumn brings her dower,
But gives the fruit to other hands.
O! blest is he, and ever blest,
Who patient sows where others reap;
And ever-ripening fields shall rest
His ever-growing memory keep.

INFORMATION WANTED, of THOMAS SPARROW, who came to this country from Ireland many years since. If living, he may be in Canada. He, or his friends, can hear of something to their probable advantage, by applying to Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Leicester, Mass.

☞ Papers in New York State and Canada will confer a favor by copying.

SPAIN IN ST. DOMINGO.—A despatch from Washington in *The Herald* asserts, that the Administration has given a warning to Spain that if she ventures to accept the artful proffer of Dominica, she will do so at her peril. We certainly hope this is true.

Chronicles of the War.

THE NORTH-SIDE VIEW.

THE past week has been characterized by no new or very striking movement. The preparations for the inevitable struggle have been prosecuted with great energy in every quarter. Gen. Scott is determined to make no hasty movement, but to stand on the defensive until he is able to advance on the rebels with an irresistible force. He is concentrating a large body of troops, mainly Massachusetts men, at Fortress Monroe, under command of Gen. Butler. It is believed to be his intention to "repossess" the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, and then to advance from that and other points upon Richmond. But this, of course, is only the general inference from current events, the Administration wisely keeping its plans to itself.

The garrison at Cairo maintains a blockade of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, preventing the transmission of arms and provisions to the rebels. The troops there number 4,600, and 10,000 more could be brought thither at one day's notice.

Missouri is probably saved, at least for the present, from the secession vortex. The prompt action of the United States forces at St. Louis has overawed the rebels in that quarter. The Commander-in-Chief of the Missouri militia has agreed with Gen. Harney, the commander of the United States troops, upon a plan for the maintenance of peace and the avoidance of future conflicts between the Federal and State governments. Gov. Price assents to the arrangement. The Union men in Missouri are acting with great determination. In addition to the capture of the secession forces at Camp Jackson, a detachment of volunteers, under Captain Cole, surrounded the town of Potosi, where a band of Secessionists were in possession. They were all taken, and the ringleaders sent to St. Louis as prisoners of war.

The traitors in Maryland are now quiet. The lines of travel from the North and East are unobstructed, United States troops pass through Baltimore without molestation, and the Union party in the State is in the ascendant.

Capt. Montgomery, of Kansas fame, is reported at New Orleans to be annoying the rebels on the Northern borders of Texas, at the head of 3,000 men. Reports through that channel are to be received with caution.

Western Virginia is overwhelmingly opposed to the rebellion. The Wheeling Convention resulted in calling *another* Convention, to be held in the same place on the 11th of June, the delegates to be elected on the 4th.

Kentucky, notwithstanding the open treason of her Governor and Legislature, does not appear to be inclined to follow the fortunes of Jeff. Davis immediately. A despatch from Louisville gives the returns of the election as far as heard from, which foot up an aggregate of 98,561 votes for the Union delegates to the proposed border State Convention, in eighty-nine Counties—leaving only eighteen Counties to be heard from. The entire Presidential vote in November was 146,216—so that the Union majority will probably exceed *forty thousand*.

The United States squadron lying off Fort Pickens are enforcing a rigorous and damaging blockade, by preventing vessels from New Orleans and Mobile landing provisions for the rebel army, these being the only points from which their supplies have been received for a long time. The blockade is believed to be perfect now on the whole Southern coast.

On Sunday night, one of the government coast-guard steamers got ashore at the mouth of the Potomac, and was attacked by an armed propeller from Richmond, manned by a large force of the rebels. After a brisk contest, the rebels were beaten off. Four government soldiers, however, were killed on board the guard-boat, and five others were wounded.

LETTER FROM THE POET WHITTIER.

A friend has called my attention to a paragraph copied into *The Herald*, to the effect that Mr. Whittier had written a strong letter to Gov. Andrew sustaining the Constitution, and contributing to aid volunteers.

Personal explanations are very distasteful to me, but it may be proper to say that I have had no correspondence with Gov. Andrew on this or any other subject; and that, having always been a loyal citizen, I have had no occasion to pledge myself anew to "sustain the Constitution."

I presume the paragraph in question originated in the fact of my declining to take from the State Treasury a trifling sum appropriated for my pay as a Presidential Elector, on the ground that I was unwilling to add one farthing to the heavy pecuniary burdens of the Commonwealth.

No one who knows me can doubt my deep sympathy with the united North, and with those who, with a different idea of duty from my own, are making generous sacrifices of person and property; but as a settled believer in the principles of the Society of Friends, I can do nothing at a time like this beyond mitigating, to the extent of my power, the calamities and suffering attendant upon war, and accepting cheerfully my allotted share of the privation and trial growing out of it.

Very truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 15th 5th mo., 1861. —*Newburyport Herald.*

SEIZURE OF TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Murray, the United States Marshal for New York, on Monday afternoon proceeded, in company with Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent of Police, to the office of the American Telegraph Company, and seized all the telegrams on file which have been sent from the office for a year past. The seizure was made in pursuance of orders from Washington, and similar orders, it appears, had been given, and like seizures made, simultaneously, in all the Northern cities and towns. The precise object which the government have in view in this proceeding has not transpired, and the government officials in this city are entirely ignorant, or non-communicative upon the subject. It is supposed, however, that an examination of the telegrams will throw a flood of light upon the history of the Southern conspiracy, the length of time it has been actively at work, the material aid it has received from the North, and the names of many of those who had been implicated in it, including, as is believed, some who are now professing great zeal for the Union. The seizure was made very quietly, and it was the expressed wish of the Telegraph Company, with which the Marshal coincided, that it should not be made public; but the impossibility of this soon became apparent, for before the Marshal had left the office, telegrams came flying in from Boston, Philadelphia and other places, announcing that similar seizures had been simultaneously made at those offices. The telegrams are under a guard of Deputy Marshals, awaiting further orders from Washington. It is expected that agents will be deputed by government to examine them and report the contents of such as trace any significance in connection with the Southern conspiracy. A large force will be required for this purpose, the number of telegrams at the New York office alone, being sufficient to keep a dozen clerks busy for the next three months.—*Times.*

THE SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.

From the best information that can be obtained, it is believed that the rebels have from 50,000 to 80,000 troops stationed at various points in Virginia. They do not menace Washington, but are strengthening themselves at Harper's Ferry and points a little further West. It is supposed by some that they meditate an invasion of Southern Pennsylvania at or near Chambersburg; but we suspect that their movements in that direction are a feint, intended to divert the attention of Gen. Scott from more formidable preparations elsewhere.

The rebels have blockaded the Mississippi at Memphis, but that is of little consequence to the North. They would like to break up the blockade at Cairo, but have not the means of doing so. Considerable bodies of rebel troops, however, are gathered at various points in the Mississippi valley.

The Southern Congress is reported to have decided upon removing the seat of the rebel government from Montgomery to Richmond.

SOUTHERN NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

From The Memphis (Tenn.) Argus, May 15.

A Chief of the Cherokee Nation passed through Memphis to-day, returning from a fruitless visit to the desecrated halls of the Federal government. He went there to collect from the Administration a debt of $300,000 due his nation. He was admitted to Lincoln's presence, though scarce to a hearing, for the room was full of military and civic officers, all talking loudly and with unbonneted heads, careless of the respect due the President. The Chief said he could not blame them; for Lincoln had none for himself—being intoxicated. The Chief says: "I tell what I heard with my ears and what I saw with my eyes."

The noble Indian visited the several departments of the Federal government (?), and found the various offices turned into storehouses for greasy hams, pork, beef, powder, etc., etc., the smeared walls and dung-heaped floors resembling a pig-pen more than aught else the Indian could think of. Things sometimes *do* look like what they are. The chief got not his money. Lincoln told him he feared to give it, lest he would use it against the Administration. The Indian pressed his just claim in vain. He had to leave Washington unpaid.

The drunkenness of Lincoln, the general confusion, disorder, and dirt, did not surprise the Indian more than the profanity and obscenity of speech indulged in by those talking to or near this precious President. Fear, great and general fear, he describes as the sentiment now prevalent in Washington, and nowhere more apparent than in the white and quivering lips of Lincoln when he is least unbraced by alcohol. A report prevails throughout the city that all the public buildings are undermined, and will be blown up if the city is taken by Davis.

And this is the spectacle that has succeeded the simple impressiveness before which the Indian bowed as before the throne of the Great Medicine. On this spectacle may the shade of Washington and Franklin be gazing, beholding in it the fruit of their valor and toil! Rottenness without ripeness! What a fate for the government that was to be "the regenerator of mankind, the model of the world!"

From The Times.

The following highly interesting and important intelligence from Washington, we clip from the Tallahasse (Fla.) *Sentinel:*

A friend in this city permits us to give the following items from a private letter giving some account of the manner in which Lincoln and his wife live at this time. Lincoln keeps five men in his room to guard him by night, and Mrs. Lincoln two to guard her! Old Abe, in order to keep his spirits and courage up, "pours the spirits down," and is half drunk all the time. For fear of being poisoned, Mrs. Lincoln has turned cook and prepares all the food they eat. Some ministers of the gospel recently called to see him to entreat him to desist from his mad policy of coercion, when the indignant Abe cursed them away, swearing that the Southerners should wade knee deep in blood before entering Washington City.

By such stuff as this does the Southern press mislead the traitorous rabble.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

CATCHING FUGITIVE SLAVES.—*The Times* publishes a letter dated on board the United States steamship Quaker City, off Cape Henry, May 15th, from which this is an extract:

"On the 8th inst., we captured six runaway negroes in a boat, who stated that they belonged to the Virginia south shore; that the people had a very 'peculiar flag' that they wished them to fight for, and threatened to whip and imprison them if they did not. We kept them on board until the 11th, when we returned to the flag-ship off Old Point Comfort. Soon after our arrival there, a small, high-pressure steam-tug was seen coming out of Norfolk with a large white flag at her fore, and a Virginia State flag at her main, and it proceeded to the Cumberland flag-ship. In a little time a boat pulled alongside the Quaker City, and your friend, Captain Hunter, formerly of the Ariel and North Star, came on board, characterized by a profusion of hair down his back, mustache, etc., and brought us an order for the delivery of the negroes and boat for restoration to their owners. The poor darkies did not seem to relish their return to that "peculiar flag," but we are glad to get rid of them, for, although they were ready to fight, bleed and die for the flag of the Union, we don't wish to be stigmatized as negro-stealers."

The officers of the Quaker (!) City, though sensitive to the charge of negro-stealing from the Secessionists, are not unwilling to incur that of slave-catchers from the people of the North. The poor slaves, it seems, have no right to be loyal to the flag of the Union. Their offers to "bleed and die" for the stars and stripes are rewarded by consigning them afresh to the tender mercies of their rebel masters! Could anything be meaner than such conduct in the officers of the United States Navy, or in the Administration that tolerates them in it? Does Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, instruct or even permit the officers of the blockading squadron to placate the traitor slaveholders by catching and returning their fugacious chattels?

THE GOVERNMENT PROTECTING SLAVE PROPERTY.—General Harney, on taking command of the United States forces in Missouri, issued a proclamation, in which he set forth the principles that would guide him in the discharge of his duties. A citizen of St. Louis thereupon addressed to him the inquiry, whether it was "the intention of the government to interfere with the institution of negro slavery in Missouri or any slave State, or impair the security of that description of property." General Harney, in reply, says:

"I must premise by saying that I have no special instructions on this head from the War Department. But I should as soon expect to hear that the orders of government were directed toward the overthrow of any other kind of property as of this in negro slaves. I am not a little astonished that such a question could be seriously put. Already, since the commencement of these unhappy disturbances, slaves have escaped from their owners, and have sought refuge in the camps of the United States troops from the Northern States, and commanded by a Northern General. They were carefully sent back to their owners. An insurrection of slaves was reported to have taken place in Maryland. A Northern General offered to the Executive of that State the aid of Northern troops under his own command to suppress it. Incendiaries have asked of the President permission to invade the Southern States, and have been warned that any attempt to do this will be punished as a crime. I repeat it, I have no special means of knowledge on this subject, but what I have cited, and my general acquaintance with the statesman-like views of the President, make me confident in expressing the opinion above given."

On this subject *The Tribune* well says:

"There has been a very delicate practice of the comity of war indulged in by our commandants of posts, which has more of magnanimity than of virtue, or the usual customs of belligerents; negroes escaping from masters have been returned to the owners. An enemy's horse straying into an inclosure, or a yoke of oxen grazing near an outpost, would probably be condemned to public use. Why not, then, all other species of property? If the negro is a chattel, let him be retained as such, or if he is a man, hold him as a prisoner for exchange; but in war let us forget this mixed relation of person and property which, binding in peace, has no legal, and much less a moral, obligation in war."

ARREST OF COMMODORE PENDERGRAST'S STEWARD.—The Norfolk *Day Book* of the 14th inst., says:

"Some of our citizens this morning arrested a negro fellow, who has a family in Portsmouth, and who had been making marketing here for Commodore Pendergrast, of the Cumberland. They thought they had caught a prize, and took him before the authorities, where, upon an examination, it was found he had authority for doing what he had done from General Gwynn, Mayor Lamb, and others, and a pass to go to the Cumberland. This appears to be an arrangement of which our citizens were not apprised, and some of them expressed considerable surprise at it. The negro had a supply of the delicacies of the market, with which he took his leave for the Cumberland. This negro has a family here, and we learn has been an object of suspicion ever since the Cumberland left the yard. On his departure this morning we learn that he was warned by our citizens that, if caught up here again, he would be hung, regardless of all military or civil authority. He is quite an intelligent negro, and it is thought could be quite serviceable to the enemy in giving him all the information he desires about our operations, etc. We have not learned whether this arrangement of supplying the Cumberland with marketing is to be a permanent thing or not; but even so far as it has gone it appears to meet with disapprobation, particularly in view of the conduct of Pendergrast, who has acted more the part of a pirate than the commander of a fleet of naval vessels."

FEARS OF INSURRECTION.—A correspondent of *The Tribune* at Chicago, after conversing with a gentleman fresh from Memphis, Tenn., says, on his authority:

"*The Avalanche* and other

THE STANDARD.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. M. A. POTTS.

Tap, tap, tap! thus seemeth the drum to say:
Ye braves, keep step to the music's time,
Oh! solemn to hear, as the belfry's chime,
While passeth a soul away.

Tap, tap, tap! still seemeth the drum to speak—
How long, how long will the wand'rer stay?
Until thou weepest thy heart away,
Poor mother, so sad and weak!

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Yet hark to the surging sound!
Full many are there, now buoyant with life,
Shall soon, cut down in the deadly strife,
Cumber the crimsoned ground.

Side by side they lie, on the trodden sod;
The hero hoary, the youthful face,
Both limned in death with a lofty grace;
May their souls have rest with God!

Their spirits were swayed by a purpose high,
O'ershadowing friendship and stifling love,
A Patriot's mission soaring above
The fireside destiny.

Light, light, light! the shackle falls from the slave,
And Freedom's pæan shall ring through the land,
When freemen's children may proudly stand,
And *Union* banners wave!

Philadelphia, May 15, 1861.

BONAPARTISM.—III.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE already shown that the government of Bonaparte has thrown France into a state resembling the servility of the Byzantine empire; that it has given up the youth of France to the pollution of Catholic monks and priests, and other terrible evils. Now let us consider what have been its results among European nations.

After the revolution of February, 1848, you might look round on all the nations, and not see a hostile feeling between any of them. Each of the peoples fought with their own oppressors, and each for its own independence. It was so with Hungary and Italy against Austria, and Holstein against Denmark. Philosophers and thinkers had meetings in Paris, and believed that, with the inauguration of the Universal Exhibitions of France and England, the days of battles had passed away. What has become of all these pacific intentions?

In Europe the number of soldiers is now four millions, ready on the instant to destroy each other and to bombard any town they are told to attack.

Who has produced this fatal evil? It is Louis Bonaparte. With his traditions, with his repetition of the first empire, he has raised the warlike spirit of the French to a pitch of insanity. He has increased his army to the number of 700,000, and he is bound by promise to find them some occupation. He calls them the true nobility of the nation. He menaced Prussia, England, Austria, Belgium, Portugal, until the Russian war, and forced all his neighbors to arm themselves to defend their territories against French invasion.

England has its volunteers, and a very extensive and costly navy. Belgium increases its army and its number of fortresses. So do Prussia, Bavaria, Austria, and the whole of Germany. This man is the real firebrand in Europe; it is he who raises up these feelings of hatred among the nations.

By means of his cousin Murat, he is a stumbling-block in the way of Italian unity; by means of his cousin Napoleon he foments troubles against Hungary and Austria, with the prospect of a Moldavian realm. He sends emissaries against Belgium, and against Switzerland, to prepare the road for annexation, after the fashion of Nice and Savoy. He pays a numerous staff of clever, unscrupulous writers, whom he employs against the Pope, England, Austria, Turkey, Prussia, and Russia. He is, like his uncle, the perturbator of public peace; but he has more cunning; speaks less than he; but, when he does speak, he is the greatest master in the art of lying. He publicly disavows his agents and janissaries, and yet rewards them, as he did those colonels who asked to be led against the "conspirators in their very den of London," as he did about his books, or as he disavowed all connection with his cousin Napoleon's speech in the Senate against the Pope, and Murat for his doings against Italy.

We have said how, as an artful conspirator, he held close intimacy with every French party, and ended by using all and becoming Emperor. And we must confess, unwillingly confess, that the position of France affords great satisfaction to the French people.

If you observe to a Frenchman, "Your public debt is half as great again as it was either under the restoration, Louis Philippe, or the Republic; you are below your neighbors, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Piedmontese, the Spaniards, the English, the Prussian, all of whom enjoy constitutional government; your people, taken as a whole, are renegade to freedom;" the Frenchman will acknowledge all this as true, but will answer, "We are feared by the whole of Europe; the first lady of Christendom, the Kings of Piedmont, Belgium, Bavaria, and Portugal have been to France and bowed before our Sovereign. The haughtiest potentates of Europe court our alliance—this is large compensation."

So France, deceived, corrupted, feared, having a war always impending, now for an "idea," now for "the equilibrium of Europe," now for "civilization," as this war in China and Cochin China, now for Catholicism, as in Syria—so France, having always some war or other, is satisfied with its ruler.

There are in France four principal political parties: the Bonapartists, the Royalists, the Orleanists, and the Republicans. You know enough now of the Bonapartists, and we may sum them up with these characteristic lineaments: men without moral or political convictions, wishing to live after the motto—"Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," renegades to former governments, men who want money and honors, who have a cunning art to borrow doctrines and means of success from every political party. Their aim is, to lead France towards Byzantine imperialism. They are the most numerous party at present in France, and their acts and aims are more in accordance with the instincts and character of the French than any other. I confess this is true, sad as it is to say it.

The Royalists are generally composed of fervent or fanatical Catholics, wishing for an eternal alliance between the altar and the throne, some rich proprietors, almost all the nobility, and of the peasants of the West and South. This party is not of very great ability, but it is more moral than the Bonapartists, and, strange to say, although its principle is based upon authority, France enjoyed more public freedom, and had a better set of public servants, under it, and a better administration of justice and of the army and the navy, than it enjoys under Bonapartism, which derives its power from the populace. The Royalist party is not beloved by the French, for they consider it a government of classes, of power in the hands of nobles and clergy. Some of this party do not reject parliamentary government, but they would willingly dispense with it, and would trust all to a king by divine right—a sort of *Pater Familias*. France has been very unjust towards the Royalists, and certainly they are somewhat ridiculous, with their pretensions based on past times. But by the help they gave to the Greek insurrection and the conquest of Algeria they did more for the good of mankind than the first and second Empires with all their glory.

The Orleanists are men principally of the middle and productive classes of society. They desire moderate freedom and parliamentary government. They trust not so much to the army as to the National Guard. They would guide the nation a little, but they prefer to let it go the way it wishes. The fall of Louis Philippe and his party must not be attributed so much to the general dissatisfaction of the nation as to the reluctance of the king to the spilling of French blood; had he, in February, 1848, taken decided measures against the insurrection, he would have killed some thousands of Frenchmen, but his dynasty would yet be ruling the country. It is probable the Orleanists will reappear after the death of the Emperor.

The Republicans are less numerous than either of the above-named parties. They have on their side the intelligent of the low classes, such as the workmen and mechanics in the large towns. The wealthy merchants, traders, and rich shop-keepers and officials are at deadly enmity with them. For these classes fear equally the dominion of the lower people and all social experiments and reforms. Until some generations have passed, a Republican government is almost impossible in France. The nation, taken as a whole, dislikes a *collection* of rulers, such as a Directory or a sovereign Parliament-house. It prefers to look up to a single person, a King, an Emperor, or a President for life. It is a fixed idea among the great mass of the people, when there is a Republic, that it may be exchanged for a person. The people do not understand the idea, and are not loyal towards it. They think they have a *right* to betray the Republic. As soon, for example, as the army sees a pretender, it obeys him, as it has done the Bonapartes.

Faults of parties.—The fault of the Orleanists was to have refused reforms which were claimed by public opinion, such as increasing the number of electors, giving the right of meeting, and the dismissal of obnoxious ministers. But Louis Philippe feared that revolution was concealed in reform. His advisers said to him, "If you go upon this road of concession you will never stop; you will go on until the Republic is established, and you exclude your own family from their right." He listened to them instead of his own opinions, for he was himself a kind of Republican. He refused to hear the remonstrances of his own sons, and he has well deserved his fate. He had a magnificent opportunity of allying freedom, monarchy, and reforms. He had the good word of Lafayette: "This king is the best of Republics." Had he progressively increased the suffrage, he might have taught the French people how to use this agent of civilization. Instead of being a philosophical king, he would have been the benefactor of his country. By refusing a safety-valve to the revolutionary spirit, he, without intending it, hastened the fall of France into anarchy and despotism. I hope his grandson, guided by his uncles, the Dukes of Nemours, Joinville, and Aumale, will restore liberty to France. From the House of Orleans you are not likely to see a tyrant.

The Royalists, under the pretence of saving society and religion, gave their support to Bonaparte both as President and Emperor. By doing so, they have forsworn their loyalty to their ancient faith. They have raised a new dynasty, instead of having a Republic; now they repent, but it is too late.

Of all parties, the Republicans have been the worst slandered. Late—or, more likely, never—will they have justice done them. The government of the Republic was essentially moral and progressive, permitting every opinion to be spoken and written, and every social system tried. It had confidence in human reason. Its political fault, or rather weakness, was, not having shot the Bonapartists, as it was forced to do the Socialists, in June, 1848.

Few Frenchmen are Republicans with "*Liberty*" for their device. One hundred and ten working men, such as joiners, weavers, dyers, masons, and others, were representatives at the outset. Ten only voted for the Republic; the others were blindly seduced by imperialism or royalism. They became the champions of the parties which destroyed the Republic.

The Socialists, whether St. Simonians, Cabetians, Fourierists, or the various Communists who wish to model by law and force the whole of society after their ideas, are men of despotism. Bonaparte, by crushing public liberty, by expending the money of the public, by his borrowing, his levelling, and by making the State arbiter and ruler, in morals, trade, and religion, and by introducing its interference into every phase of social life, has imitated and applied their creeds.

ONLY A CURL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[We violate no secret when we mention that these beautiful and touching lines from our ever-welcome contributor were written on her receiving-intelligence from Baltimore of the loss of a favorite child in a family of friends with whom she had corresponded, but whom she had never seen. —*Eds. Independent.*]

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand,
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me!

While you ask me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
With the bright yellow locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
Where the violets press nearer than you:

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for relief?
Oh, children! I never lost one.
But my arm's round my own little son,
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is
When God draws a new angel so
Through the house of a man up to His,
With a murmur of music you miss,
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the door
Where the face of your angel flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh . .
—Nay, there let me break with your pain.
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

He gives what he gives. I appeal
To all who bear babes! In the hour
When the vail of the body we feel
Rent round us, while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power;

And the babe cries—have all of us known
By apocalypse (God being there,
Full in nature!) the child is *our own*—
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

He's ours and for ever. Believe,
O father!—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance! To give
Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives: be content.
He resumes nothing given—be sure,
God lend?—where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant he went
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather. amend,
And finish it up to your dream—

Or keep. as a mother may toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! You who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are, speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
Then, courage! 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu!

LIFE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

From The (London) Once a Week.

LIFE in Massachusetts is at this day as unlike what it was in my boyhood as it then was unlike the life of colonial times. I am not referring to the changes which are wrought by lapse of years in every rising country; the growth of villages into towns, and towns into great cities; the turning of log houses into frame houses, and of frame houses into stone or brick dwellings; the increase of shipping in the bay, the blasting away of the rocks, and the disappearance of the woods. What I mean is, that our social tranquillity is not what it was; the Commonwealth is agitated and troubled; the old brotherhood of the citizens is broken up. I will not speak of a golden age in regard to any Christian society; but our silver age of rural peace and prosperous activity in industry and enjoyment has given way to a brazen period of conflict—a strife of passions, trials of patriotism too severe for many of us, and alarm and sorrow among those who have preserved most of the valor and devotedness of the Forefathers in whom the region glories. A little of my own experience will show how this change has come about.

I grew up on the shores of the Bay, among people who considered that the days of romance were over for our country, and that we had only to mind our own business and worship the Union to be the most glorious nation ever heard of in the world's history. The traditions of our period of romance were zealously preserved, as a kind of interest which would never recur; and, when at school at Marblehead, I used to hear stories which did indeed show how life had changed its conditions in one or two generations. There were stories of the woe caused in the place by the British press-gangs, and of the murder of a British officer on this service by the owner of a sloop who gave timely notice that he meant mischief, if driven to it, and then kept his word. There were stories innumerable of the young men who took to privateering, or to the navy, in the revolutionary war, and of the strange variety of accidents and adventures in which most of them perished. In my time, the nine hundred widows of these men were probably all in their graves; but I heard how they suffered after the close of the war, and did not know which way to turn themselves to bring up their children in a place so ruined as Marblehead was by the war. All that distress was over in my time. As I lay on the rocks above the glorious Bay, looking over towards Nahant on the one hand, or Cape Ann on the other, or out towards the main, I could hear the hammers busy in the ship-yards, or the ox-teams bringing down the granite from the quarries for shipment, or the cry of the sailors at the capstans, or the hum of voices from the wharf; and I saw the smacks returning with their loads of cod or mackerel, and the boys in their boats putting off with cargoes of fish-heads and seaweed to sell as manure at the farms along the coast; and, far out, the merchantmen coming in from the main, not showing till they arrived in the middle of the Bay whether they were making for Boston port or bound our way, for Salem or Marblehead or Gloucester. Beyond the casualties of sea-life there was nothing to interfere with the tranquillity of existence. There were no poor, except a sot here and there; there was work and profit for everybody; and everybody worked and profited, and got on in the world. Like all such prosperous societies, that of Marblehead and every other well-to-do town and village got up some grievances and strifes. The Beverley people were despised by their neighbors of Marblehead for their quietness, which was called want of spirit; and, on the other hand, Beverley warned its rising generation against the restlessness, turbulence, and vulgar democratic spirit of Marblehead. Quiet Manchester, again, with its little lake and water-lilies, and its sweet woods, where picnic parties went for magnolia blossoms, which grew nowhere else in the State—quiet Manchester, with its population of cabinet-makers, busy all the year round with its seasoned woods, making furniture for all the great Southern cities—never knew what agitation was, from one ten years to another, except when a cargo of furniture was lost on the way to New Orleans, or some heresy appeared to have sprung up in the society of the place. This has always been a great resource against stagnation in the settlements of New England. When there is nothing else to fidget about, it is generally possible that some Arminian heretic is living amongst Calvinists, or that some lax individual is on friendly terms with a Roman Catholic; or, at least, that some young pastor has said something questionable, in or out of the pulpit, or has not left the room quickly enough at some host's house when the music struck up for dancing. Theological breezes are always springing up, in town and country, and wherever men live. If I paid holiday visits near the quarries, where lone houses of rough granite were niched into precipices, and nothing grew but the grass at the threshold, and barberry bushes among the stones, and small orchards in corners where the rain-drip and little twisting streams had deposited soil enough for apple-trees to strike root, I was pretty sure to hear of some alarm of unsoundness of faith in some neighbor. The white school-house, with its green blinds, stood alone on the grassy knoll; and the dark powder-house, where the powder for blasting was kept, stood alone on its rock, apart from human dwellings; and it has now and then occurred to me to doubt under which of these solitary roofs there was most of an explosive commodity—seeing how the school-teachers were watched as to their orthodoxy, by their neighbors or by each other, and how even the children afforded material for speculation and dispute. The virulence of the theological temper was a fair measure of the general tranquillity of the times. So it was all round the coast, whether one crossed to the glistering sandy region which formed the south of Massachusetts Bay, or turned to its northern point, towards Cape Ann, where the people are almost all fishermen, and strangers go to eat chowder—a stew of fish, milk, and potatoes—and where the lustre of sea, sky, and air is like that of Greece or Syria. Where the sunrises are like openings into heaven, and the sea and islands on summer evenings are like a melting vision, there were households weeping under the persecution of neighbors, and virtuous citizens quailing under the censures of Church authorities. So it was in towns like Lynn, where the people spent half their time on their land, manuring it with fish-refuse and weed from the shore, and the other half in their little shoe-shops (a shop to almost every house), where parents and children worked together, again for export to the South. As the granite of the Bay shore went to build hotels or piers or churches on the Gulf of Mexico; and as our furniture went to adorn houses in all the cotton States, and our cod and herrings are wanted on plantations beside the great rivers, so do millions of pairs of shoes travel in the same direction for the benefit of large populations who would otherwise go barefoot. In busier scenes than Lynn can show, the spirit of society was the same; and so it was in the quietest of all. When the great mills had arisen, and hundreds of well-dressed and educated girls went to earn money for a time; and when they had built boarding-houses for their own use, and a church, and a lecture-room and library, the uniform prosperity of the time was shown by the resort to theological differences for the agitation which some people cannot live without. In the interior of the State, where the lone homestead, with its little fields about it and its wooded hill behind it, overlooks the windings of the brimming river in the wide valley—all green from the river-bank to the verge of the hanging woods—even there, where nothing can be seen that can jar on any human feeling, this theological bitterness floats, as on the air, into the most retired abodes. It is only as a sign of the absence of any engrossing public interest that I refer to this characteristic of New England life, and I shall not pursue it further than just to point to the dismal fact which the reader of epitaphs can learn for himself in some of our rural churchyards—that wherever there have been "revivals" (such as we learn took place in Ireland two or three years ago) there are graves of some young persons who have died convulsed or insane from the contagious frenzy of the hour. I know of certain graves in places among the hills, and in some of the loveliest valleys in the world, where lie the remains of some who might have lived to the verge of human life in innocence and peace, but for the cruelty of strangers who came to madden them with the terrors of superstition while professing to deal out to them the blessings of the gospel. In the slave States I have witnessed with disgust the religious frenzy excited among the negroes for the purpose of further enslaving them; but even that profaneness is less harrowing to one's feelings than the spectacle of intelligent and virtuous lads and lasses, healthful in mind, and with hopeful lives before them, sinking under the coarse spiritual quackery of pretenders, who usurp the function of judging, and announcing salvation or damnation. I will say no more; there they lie—those victims; and I cannot but remember that, if they had lived up to this time, a genuine excitement, virtuous, safe, and equal to all their energies, would have given them enough to feel and to do and to bear for the salvation of the nation's soul.

Reverting for a moment to my school-days—there was a bridge in our neighborhood, to which visitors were taken to see where the first resistance was made to the British, in the War of Independence. I knew old people who had heard from their fathers of the landing at Marblehead of 150 soldiers from Boston, who were sent to seize some military stores laid up either in Danvers or Salem. It was an exciting thing to hear of the marching of this corps from one point to another, and of the gathering of the militia to watch and oppose them, and of the foes coming face to face at this bridge, between Salem and Danvers. Our militia had taken up the planks of the bridge; the British commander threatened bloodshed; but a compromise was effected by mutual acquaintance. The planks were replaced, and the officer with a few men passed over, so as to escape the imputation of having failed to cross, and immediately turned back empty-handed as regarded the stores. The compromise did no good. The conflict at Lexington and Concord presently followed. The strife was one which could not be averted.

It is not without reason that I refer to these traditional anecdotes. While I listened to them in childhood, I felt—as most boys do in such cases—a keen grief that such times were over and gone, so that my generation would have no opportunity for such displays of valor and such civic heroism as our fathers gave forth to be treasured up in immortal tradition. Yet I have lived to witness a struggle at Concord, scarcely less portentous than that in which the first blood was shed in our Great Rebellion. I have lived to see, before my hair is gray, a second revolution which may require from the citizens as much public virtue as the first.

In the midst of our prosperity and quietude the occasion has been growing. I have shown that much of the industry of my State is employed by the South. Partly from this stake in the Union, and partly from the idolatry of the Union in which Americans are brought up, my fellow-citizens have for many years pawned their country and their own liberties for immediate peace and decent appearance. Those who warned them of the encroachments of the South, of the guilt of their implication with slavery, and of the certain ruin of the Republic if its principles were not vindicated, were persecuted; and our liberties were given away as fast as the Southern political leaders asked for them. These disgraces must be imputed to the city population, almost entirely; to the political men, who aspired to greatness at Washington; to the merchants and their whole army of clerks, who were trammelled by their trade; to the manufacturers, great and small, who sold their wares at the South; and to the clergy and other professional men who desired that the Union should last their time, and considered it virtuous to assume that there was nothing the matter till the last moment. The country people were more like their forefathers, and truer sons of the Republic. The yeomanry of Massachusetts were always the sheet-anchor of liberty, not only in their own State, but throughout the free States.

I am not writing history, but a picture; and I therefore pass over the course of events by which my native State lost her honor, and prepared for herself the penalty of retrieving it. I say nothing here of the efforts of governors and municipal officers to stifle free speech; of the mobbing of Abolitionists; of the defeat, disgrace, and broken-hearted death of Daniel Webster—an idol easily proved to be clay. I will not stop to show how our moral decline followed, though at wide distance, that of the South, through our participation in the great crime of that region. I will pass on at once to that day in 1854 which showed to all men of sense that we were to have more revolutions than one; and which proved, among other things, that there was a way out of guilt and humiliation for us, prepared by the handful of patriots in the midst of us whom we had been loading with contumely for twenty years.

On the night of Friday, May 26th, 1854, the city of Boston presented a truly revolutionary appearance. The alarm-bell was clanging, shaking men's hearts within them. As many of the citizens as Faneuil Hall would hold (the vast edifice in which much of the old revolutionary business was transacted) were in that Hall, listening to speeches which stirred to the depths the souls of those who had any. In the court-house was a negro, named Anthony Burns, who had been claimed as a runaway slave by two men from the South, one of whom called himself Burns's owner. On the steps of the court-house was a throng of men, relieving each other at working a battering-ram—a heavy beam under which the doors must give way. Then there was the crash of wood, the jingle of falling glass, pistol-shots from within and without, and cries from the crowd, running through the whole scale of the passions. The clanging bell topped the din, and swung the news into the country. There was a want of concert among the citizens which was fatal to the reputation of the city.

By the old law of the State, no Massachusetts man could be made a slave-catcher. By the then recent Fugitive Slave law, every man in the republic must be a slave-catcher, when called upon, or bear the consequences. Not only did several leading citizens insist on the observance of the new law, but those who held to the old one, were undecided what course to take. Some were peace men; and of those who were not, none had a plan ready for the emergency. Some hoped that the kidnappers themselves would offer terms: and, at one time, the terrified owner, Suttle, demanded only the value of his slave. The money was raised immediately; but in the short interval, Suttle had heard from Washington. The President told him to hold out, secure of support; and he then refused any money for his chattel. So passed Friday night. On Saturday morning, the whole military force of the district was seen to be concentrated on the court-house. It was surrounded by a chain (an almost incredible sight in free Massachusetts), and armed and guarded within and without; and the fugitive was handcuffed and surrounded by soldiers. His face, that day—wistful and sad in the extreme—will be remembered as one of the signs of the revolution. Time was obtained for preparing his defence; and Saturday was spent in committing the ringleaders of the battery on the court-house doors, and in holding an inquest on a special constable who fell in the medley of pistol-shots. On Sunday the prayers of all the congregations in the city were asked by and for the fugitive; and sermons were preached worthy of Lutheran times. Notices were sent to all parts of the State, desiring the yeomanry to come and see what was doing, but *this time* with only the arms that God gave them. On Monday they came pouring into the city—some from a distance of eighty miles. Those who did not arrive were holding meetings in their own districts, to consider how to protect the old liberties of the Commonwealth, now cast under the feet of kidnappers.

The proceedings were protracted nearly through the week; but everybody knew that argument was useless. A gross mistake of date in the claimant's affidavit was passed over, and the Federal Commissioner pronounced judgment as desired by his employers. Burns was to be delivered up.

How to get him away was the difficulty. No wharf in the city would allow any vessel to approach to fetch him. But a fellow took upon himself to let one without the proprietor's knowledge. He was dismissed from his employment, but immediately lodged in a comfortable government office. Thus did a steamer lie in readiness. Cannon were planted in the square; the military lined the streets down to the wharf; wherever there was a foothold besides, from chimney-tops and the yards of ships down to the curbstones in the streets, there was a compact crowd. The State flag was hung out in mourning; and women in black filled the balconies and windows. The shops were shut, the people were silent, till the slave appeared surrounded by an army of guards; and then the loud hiss and muttered curse rose and swelled as they proceeded. Burns was shipped off; and the merchants on 'Change declared their opinion that he was the last fugitive who would ever be delivered up, in opposition to the old law of the State. On all hands, however, we saw the free blacks, our neighbors, escaping to Canada; and they were not much consoled by hearing that Burns had been purchased, and set free, and was selling books in the lobby of the State-house of Ohio.

Since that day, the citizens of many of the States must have been aware that they are living in revolutionary times. During the seven years that have passed from that day, life in Massachusetts has presented a new aspect.

The next commotion, after an interval of six years, during which there was a chronic agitation going on, concerned the rights and liberties of a white citizen. The liberties of the white citizens could hardly be more closely implicated than they were in Burns's case; for the question which so convulsed the public mind was less of the suffering of an individual negro, remanded to a bondage which some of the citizens regarded as legal and defensible, than of the humiliation of Massachusetts in being compelled to render up a fugitive, in contravention of the old laws of the Commonwealth. The prostration of the freedom, character, and reputation of the leading State of the Union, was the galling affliction. Next time, the conflict was occasioned by an attack on a white citizen.

After John Brown's raid in Virginia, towards the end of 1859, the Federal government took the opportunity to try to extend its rights over the States, and to narrow the field of State rights—at least in the North. There was so much talk of what should be done to citizens of this, that, and the other State, who might be conjectured to have been implicated with John Brown, that several leading men in half a dozen States fled to Canada or to Europe. Others chose to remain at home, and there, among their neighbors, resist all unconstitutional demands, and take the consequences. The Senate at Washington, having a committee sitting on the John Brown affair, summoned several of the suspected Northern citizens to repair to Washington, to give evidence before the Committee. Some went, some refused to go, and some disappeared for a time. Of those who went to Washington, one (Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York) refused to answer questions which he was assured by high legal authority were unconstitutional. He underwent an imprisonment of some months, and was awkwardly dismissed by the Senate when the hot weather rendered his imprisonment dangerous to his life. Another obeyed the summons, keeping from everybody the secret that he knew nothing whatever of John Brown or his schemes, and when examined, told the Committee nothing of what they wanted, and so much of what they did not want, that they would have been glad to get rid of him some time before he stopped his disclosures. Another, a schoolmaster at Concord, Massachusetts, being summoned, refused, on good legal advice, to go to Washington. I need not enter here on the grounds of the opinion that his course was a constitutionally sound one. It is rather a satire on our political and social condition that such a conflict should have happened at the town of Concord. Our forefathers named the place, as they named our grandparents Truth, Mercy, Patience—not considering whether the child might not turn out a liar, or revengeful, or hasty and insubordinate. In England, Concord is perhaps best known as the place where Emerson lives; but among us, the prominent association with the name is that of two battles which have been fought there—not very grand as to the numbers engaged, but extremely important for other reasons. The first was at the opening of the war of Independence; the second skirmish was on the 3d of April, 1860.

The schoolmaster, Mr. Sanborn, had been calling on a friend that evening, returned home about nine o'clock, put on his study gown and slippers, and sat down to his desk. After a time, there was a knock at the house door; a stranger inquired for Mr. Sanborn, and engaged him on pretence of business, while several more entered the house. No one of them would tell his own name, or that of any of the others; but they professed to come on Federal authority, for the purpose of arresting him. Mr. Sanborn called for the warrant; and one of the party began to read from a paper; but before he had read many lines, the stoutest man of the party produced a pair of handcuffs. No resistance had been offered; but the handcuffs (which were too small) were put on by force; the stout officer gave a loud whistle, and more men rushed into the house, carrying off Sanborn, without hat or shoes, to a carriage which stood in the street. Their efforts to thrust him in were in vain, for he resisted with his feet (being unable to use his hands) so vigorously as to damage the vehicle, and set the horses moving. His shouts, and, by this time, his sister's cries, brought the neighbors to their doors and windows. Sanborn's pupils ran up and down the street, knocking at the doors; and some of the women took possession of the carriage and horses in a thoroughly practical manner. One or two sat on the steps and in the inside; and another got hold of the whip, and started the horses. The team was unmanageable; and yet more unmanageable were the tradesmen who, in a few minutes, were gathered round the strangers. Sanborn held his hands above his head; and the gleam of the handcuffs in the light of the candles which were brought out was not a pacifying sight. A quick-witted citizen had run, on the first alarm, to the house of the well-known Judge Hoar, where he obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, under which the deputy sheriff took Sanborn from the hands of the strangers, at the end of half an hour from his being forced into the street. About the middle of that time, one of the Federal officers began to read a warrant, signed and indorsed by the Vice-President and the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate at Washington, authorizing one Silas Carlton to apprehend Sanborn. Silas Carlton was now obliged to declare himself; but the names of the strangers were obtained with extreme difficulty. Some of them lost temper; and this did not improve their case. One who used threats was quietly turned over upon a sand-bank, where the rest were presently sprawling on the top of him. When the town-bells began clanging, the old revolutionary time seemed to have come back. One lady raised the hat of one of the strangers, saying she must learn his face, that she might know it on a future occasion. Another seized a foe by the beard, to compel him to release Sanborn. A third hung upon a ruffian till her clothes were torn.

The object now was to detain the men till a warrant could be obtained from Justice Ball to arrest the strangers for assault and battery. Before it arrived they had made their way to their carriage, jumped in, and fled. The crowd followed to the outskirts of Lexington, but could not overtake them. That they got off unhurt was owing to the zeal and authority of leading citizens in the crowd, who promised that justice should be had in a legal way, and induced no small number to put away weapons, drop stones, and abstain from blows. One life was lost. A resident, predisposed to apoplexy, had a fatal fit in consequence of the excitement.

When the antecedent circumstances became known, the future course of the inhabitants seemed clear enough. Two Federal officials in Concord had arranged matters for kidnapping Sanborn. Silas Carlton had been playing the spy for some time, and had been the guest of one of these officials. On the critical evening, the party of strangers had left Lexington at half-past six, in two carriages; and, on their arrival at Concord, some of them hid themselves in a barn, within hail of Sanborn's house. All being ready, a fellow tried the schoolmaster's door, which was unfastened, entered, and encountered the servant, to whom he said that he came with an important paper, which he wanted to show Mr. Sanborn—an application for a situation in his service. On his return, Mr. Sanborn was told this; and he was therefore only too ready to go to the door, when a small, young man, looking anything but formidable, tendered a letter, asking Mr. Sanborn's aid in obtaining a situation for him—"worthy young man" as he was—but in reality, a son of the United States Marshal. During the parley, the strong men rushed in.

The case was brought before the Supreme Court, and the arrest was pronounced illegal. Then followed public meetings, and various demonstrations by which the Federal government was warned to attempt no more aggressions on the rights of the citizens. There were also private movements of at least equal importance. It was discovered that the date of the warrant was the 16th of February; so that the scheme had been some time maturing. There was reason to believe that evil-disposed or purchasable people within the State were in the plot. If so, a repetition of such outrages was too probable; and no time was lost in guarding against the danger. Once warned, the men of Massachusetts, and the women too, can take very good care of their liberties; and arrangements were speedily made by which Mr. Sanborn and every other citizen was rendered secure from being kidnapped, or forced out of his own State.

The more conspicuous events which have taken place since last April have dispersed the perils and plots of a year ago: and we have now to determine how to release ourselves from all implication with the fatal institution of slavery, which has spoiled the aspect of life in all parts of the American Union. I am aware that European observers cannot fail to remark on the untruthfulness of the course by which evils, difficulties, strifes, a decline of public and private morality, and an utter corruption of the patriotism of our public bodies have been ascribed to every cause but the real one. That hypocrisy is over now, and a great relief it is to honest men. The great object of the Commonwealth in which I dwell now is to uphold and establish the principles and methods of genuine Republicanism. I cannot doubt that sister States enough will join us to sustain the work of our fathers and the honor of our country: but it must be long before we see times as quiet as those which are gone. Life in Massachusetts may be a life worth living for those who have strong hearts and pure hands, adequate to revolutionary times; but it will be something very unlike that scene of temporal prosperity and spiritual anxiety—of mingled industry and cultivated leisure—of natural beauty and social delights—of citizen-pride and Christian thankfulness, which it has till recently been to every one who is privileged to sign himself

A SON OF THE PILGRIMS.

"ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE."

—Ory of the Southern Rebels.

As vonce I valked by a dismal svamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road,
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in—
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat—
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan:
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say—
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!—
You've *ben* let alone—a darned sight too long—
Of all the sarce that ever I heered!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered)—
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into 'tarnal smash,
And if ever I catches you 'round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,
Vether t'were safe to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos, *Let me alone.*"

—Hartford Courant.

LEXINGTON AND BALTIMORE.

APRIL 19, 1775—APRIL 19, 1861.

SIX years ago, this month, Theodore Parker was on trial in Boston for assisting in the escape of the negro Sims. In his defence, prepared for delivery before the jury, he drew the subjoined picture of the first fight in the Revolutionary war, at Lexington. Yesterday, at Baltimore, Massachusetts shed the first blood in defence of freedom, as she did at Lexington on the same day of this month in 1775.

Mr. Parker told the story of the first blow in these words:

"I drew my first breath in a little town not far off—a poor little town, where the farmers and mechanics first unsheathed that revolutionary sword which, after eight years of hewing, clove asunder that Gordian knot that bound America to the British yoke. One raw morning in spring—it will be eighty years the 19th of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that great deliverance, were both at Lexington; they obstructed an officer with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them, and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of freedom, auspiciously opening in that early spring.

"The town militia came together before daylight for training. A great, tall man, with a large head and a wide brow, their captain—one who had seen service—marshalled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade 'every man load his piece with powder and ball.' 'I will order the man shot that runs away,' said he, when some one faltered. 'Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they want to have a war, let it begin here.'

"Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics fired the shot heard round the world. A little monument covers the bones of such as before pledged their fortunes and their sacred honor to the freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred among the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up one Sunday in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw:

"'SACRED TO LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND.'

"Since then, I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome in many an ancient town—nay, on Egyptian obelisks have read what was written before the Eternal raised up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt; but no chiselled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell

"'IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF GOD AND THEIR COUNTRY.'

"Gentlemen, the spirit of liberty, the love of justice was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It is my own name which stands chiselled on that stone; the tall captain who marshalled his fellow-farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence—the last to leave the field—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible; and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned that resistance to oppression is obedience to God.'

"I keep them both, 'sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind,' to use them both, 'in the sacred cause of God and my country.'"

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